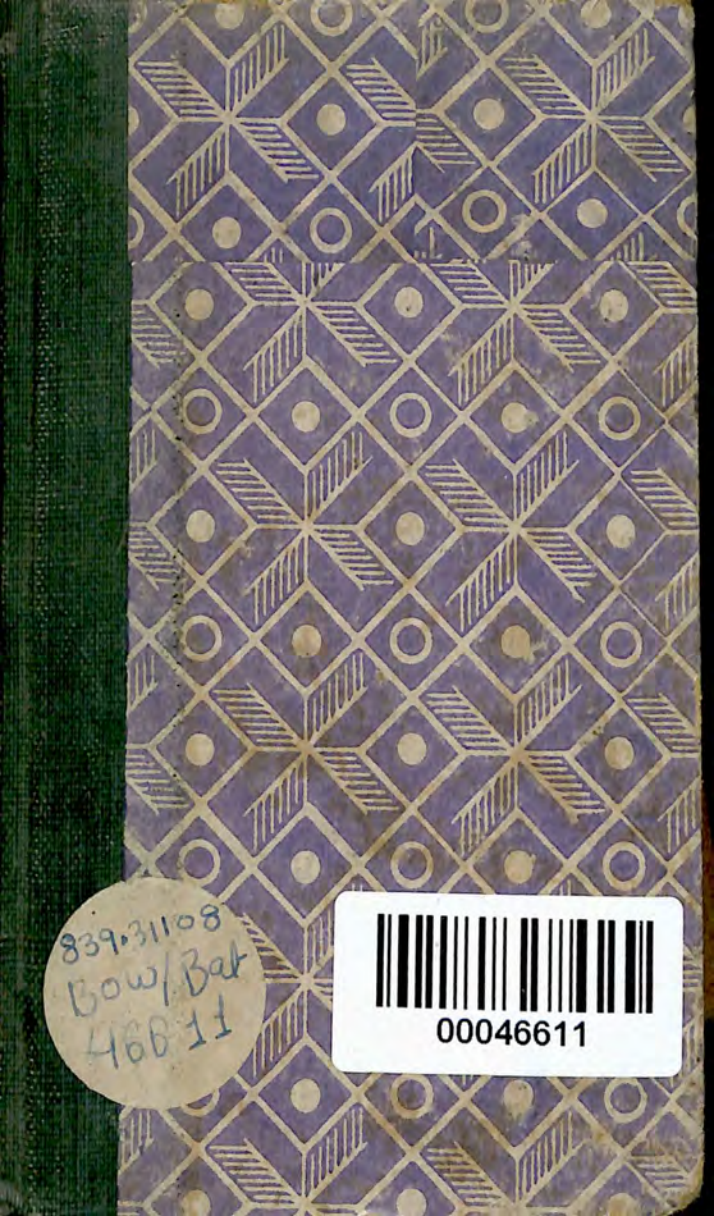
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BATAVIAN ANTHOLOGY;

OR,

SPECIMENS

OF THE

DUTCH POETS;

WITH REMARKS ON THE POETICAL LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE OF THE NETHERLANDS,

TO THE END OF

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

4661

BY

JOHN BOWRING,

Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, &c.

AND

HARRY S. VAN DYK.

L. f. i - 18

" Bloeit, Hollands taal en poëzij! "
DA COSTA.

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TO

BILDERDYK, FEITH, DA COSTA, AND DE CLERCQ.

Ye know us not—and yet we seem to hold
Hallow'd communion with your spirits,—even
As though ye had thrown off earth's mantle cold,
And walk'd, bright angels, in the fields of heaven.
Yes! we have heard your voices, and have striven
In the far echoes of our songs t' unfold
The music of your land. With names of old,
Which memory has from blank oblivion riven,
We would wreathe names as fair. The mighty sea,
On which the muse puts forth her timid sail,
Still widens—still invites—for poetry
Is one embracing bond of sympathy,
Which, when the tempests and the tides prevail,
Gives peace, and promise of security.

In this sad world, where the eternal jar
Of passion, interest, discord and debate,
Questions of policy and faith and state,
Tear up the virtues, with the affections war,
'Tis sweet to mingle thoughts with those afar,
Who are beyond the reach of selfish hate;
Who shine and smile, like the fair morning star,
Above the valley's mist: to consecrate
At that proud altar-shrine, that towers sublime
'Midst all the storms and all the wrecks of time,
Whose holy flame burns on—and as it burns,
All that is base to light and beauty turns,—
Our words and wills: for man should be man's friend,
Love the pervading law—and bliss the end.

NOTICE.

The present volume, as its title-page expresses, brings the Literature of Holland only down to the time of Broekhuizen. We hope it will be soon followed by a continuation to our own days, than which no prouder period of literature has a place in the rolls of time.

We owe much to our Dutch friends for the encouragement they have given, and the information they have communicated: and we cannot refrain from recording our obligations to De Clercq, Da Costa, Bilderdyk, Siegenbeek, and Delange. We might mention other names, but fear we should be accused of parading the objects of our gratitude.

It has not been possible, in a work of such narrow limits, to give specimens of all the Poets

of Holland; but we have deemed it fit to make out a tolerably complete list of those who have obtained any considerable reputation, whom we have not been able otherwise to notice, down to the end of the seventeenth century. In another volume we propose to publish Translations of the modern Poets, among whom many take a high stand for the intellectual power, grace and beauty of their works.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Willem Utenhoven.
Calfstaf.
Noijdekijn.
Clais van Brechten.
And the anonymous Authors of the
Crudenboec and
Karel en Elegast.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Lodewijk van Velthem.
Niclaes de Klerck.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Anthonis de Rouere.
The Author of the Siege of Troy.
Andries de Smit.
Dirk van Munster.
Lambertus Goetman.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Matthijs Casteleijn.
Cornelis van Ghistele.
Colijn van Rijssele.
Edewaerd de Deene.
Jan Fruitiers.
Dirk Volkert Coornhert.
Carel van Mander.
Petrus Dathenus.
Philip van Marnix.
Jan Babtist Houwaert.
Peeter Heijns.
Zacharias Heijns.
Roemer Visscher.
Henrik Laurens Spieghel.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Samuel Coster.
Jan van der Veen.
Jan Six.
Francis Martijn.
Hendrik Bruno.
Rixtel.
Jan Zoet.
Van der Burg.
Jacob Revius.
Anthonij de Huibert.
Adriaan Hoffer.
Hieronijmus Sweers.
Jan van Someren.
Pieter de Groot.
Johannes Vollenhove.
Samuel Hoogstraaten.
Joachim Oudaen.
Andries Pels.
Joan Pluijmer.
Arnold Monen.
Pieter Verhoek.
Willem Focquenbroch.
Herman Dullaert.
Dirck Buijsero.
Petrus Francius.
Laurens Bake.
Ludolf Smids.
Jan de Regt.
Francois Halma.
David van Hoogstraaten.
Katharina Leskailje.
Jan Luiken.
Lucas Rotgans.
Kasper Brandt.
Johannes Brandt.
Jan Baptista Wellekens.

ERRATA.

Page 57, line 15, *for* deliverer *read* true lover
—— 115, last line, *for* his Speelsmate *read* one of his mates
—— 148, line 11, *for* furnisht *read* furnish'd
———— 17, *for* undeckt *read* undeck'd
—— 150, line 20, *for* his *read* His
—— 200, after 2d verse insert

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POETICAL LITERATURE

OF

THE NETHERLANDS.

THERE is a country almost within sight of the shores of our island, whose literature is less known to us than that of Persia or Hindostan: a country, too, distinguished for its civilization, and its important contributions to the mass of human knowledge[1]. Its language claims a close kindred with our own; and its government has been generally such as to excite the sympathies of an English spirit. It is indeed most strange, that while the Poets of Germany have found hundreds of admirers and thousands of critics, those of a land nearer in position—more allied by habit and by history with our thoughts and

[1] We owe to the Dutch the discovery of the arts of Printing and Oil Painting: we owe to them the Microscope and the Pendulum.

recollections—should have been passed-by unnoticed. It would be as soon expected to hear the birds of the East filling our woods and valleys with their songs, as to find the Batavian minstrels in our libraries or our drawing-rooms.—And it would appear as if they had been excluded after a fair estimate of their claims,—so absolute has been the sentence of condemnation[1];—yet there are many among them whose reputation is as firmly established, though not so widely diffused, as that of the most renowned among the sons of fame. But Vondel himself, ingenious, emphatic and sublime, as he is, has never found an interpreter, perhaps scarcely ever even a reader, in England.

Classics, painters, men of science—such names as Erasmus, Grotius, Lipsius, and Boerhaave—fill the pages of the literary history of the Netherlands; and it would be strange indeed if these pages were quite deserted by the sons of song.

[1] The Dutch have not so neglected the poetical literature of England. Da Costa's translations from Lord Byron are worthy of both. We have just seen a version of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful hymns by Mr. J. T. Langè, preserving all the simplicity, the elegance, harmony, and beauty of the original.

Events the most extraordinary, and characters the most original and sublime, arrest the attention in the varied but interesting history of Holland. Nothing can be more imposingly tragic than the story of the old Barneveldt and of the hapless De Witts. The struggles in favour of civil and religious freedom, and their triumphant results—the proud march of the Batavian republic in increasing influence and dignity—every thing seems to have conspired to give interest to a literature and a language which have hitherto scarcely penetrated beyond their own natural and narrow bounds. The land that gave birth to a Laurence Coster[1]—to him who created the means by which knowledge and civilization were conveyed through half the world—cannot be neglected in days like these. The country of Rubens and Vandyk, of Rembrandt and Ruysdaal, and a hundred besides—"whose glory is

[1] The claim of Holland to the invention of Printing has been established beyond the reach of controversy by Mr. J. Koning's learned work. The 4th centenary of this all-important discovery was celebrated at Haarlem on the 10th and 11th July, 1823; and a deputation of printers crossed the Atlantic to attend and honour the festival.

gone forth to the ends of the earth,"—has children too of the elder, the diviner art. In Holland the seeds of poetical genius have been scattered—in Holland they have budded and blossomed—they have been brightened by the dew of natural feeling—they have been shone on by the sun of enthusiasm: they are fair—they are fragrant,—and we have ventured to gather and transplant them to our own flower-garden.

Nor, among the claims of Holland to the attention of mankind, should it be forgotten that it was the country in which Haller and Linnæus and Descartes pursued their studies and formed their characters.

Many causes have contributed to the neglect of the Dutch writers; and some of those causes have no doubt had their origin in a false estimate of the character of the people, and in their own inattention to their language and literature. A more potent cause, however, has been a real ignorance of the existence of any thing that could put in its claim to the name of Belgian Poetry; and convinced as we are that long arrears are due for our indifference or disregard, we would entreat those whom our little volume may fail to

convince, not to cast aside the originals as worthless and intrusive, even should our version of them appear unattractive. "*Tardi ingenii est rivulos consectari, fontes rerum non videre.*"

The language of Holland, the purest of all the Gothic dialects, almost exclusively confined to those whose pursuits are in the main most unfriendly to literature—for the absorbing thirst of wealth soon destroys every other ambition—has been made the subject of scorn and contempt, not by those who know it, but by those to whom it is wholly unknown—

"Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius:"

and wisdom, at one entrance, has been "quite shut out" by the influence of a ridicule first awakened by presumption, and afterwards repeated by bold and credulous ignorance. A work of some literary pretensions has been found to pour out its vial of contumely on the "long-suffering translator" who shall enter upon that work which has occupied our thoughts and our cares; while, with a scornful and pedantic sneer, the critic—the British critic[1]—adds: "We once

[1] *British Critic* for April 1821, p. 444.

saw a volume of Dutch poetry on the shelves of an emeritus Dutch skipper; and it was a translation of *Il Pastor Fido*—βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ." With a disposition and an ability to add something, however small, to the stock of knowledge, the mind is chilled and paralysed by the certainty that the pride of animadversion can only be satisfied by sacrificing the timid adventurer. The criticism that instructs, even though it instruct severely, is most salutary and most valuable. It is of the criticism that insults, and while it insults informs not, that we have a right to complain.

The belief then, that a work which shall trace the origin and progress of Dutch Poetical Literature will find acceptance in England, has led to the present publication. The affinity between the Dutch or Flemish language and our own [1]

Take as a specimen the old Dutch proverb—

Wenn de wijn is in den man
Is de wysheid in de kan.

In English (if it be necessary to translate it)—

When the wine is in the man
Is the wisdom in the can.

Many words that have now become obsolete may likewise be adduced: viz.—*Baken*, bacon; *egge*, edge; *cnive*, knife; *moulde*, mould, &c. &c.

must, we imagine, be an additional cause of sympathy. Some interest will be felt in noting the agreement and following the divergency of idioms originating in a common source, and moulded by circumstances into a different form and character:—more just and more definite ideas will necessarily be the reward of inquiring curiosity. The Dutch is one of the interesting branches growing from the great Teutonic stock, and preserving far more of the original character than the rest of the same family. It is less known too, and has in consequence been less acted on by foreign criticism. Modern times have restored it to its pristine vigour; and the patriotic spirit which resisted the encroachments of the Gallic tongue, has allied itself to the re-awakened love and cultivation of literature which has thrown its lustre over modern times. The services of SIEGENBEEK, BILDERDIJK, and other restorers of their native language, can scarcely be appreciated by a stranger. But the character of the Dutch tongue has been hitherto strangely misunderstood. It is not soft and musical—but it is sonorous and emphatic: it has not the beauties of the voweled idioms of the South—but it

has beauties they can never possess; and especially in the variety and grace of its diminutives (a quality in which our own language is singularly deficient), it may be compared with the richest among them[1]. Languages have their distinguishing attributes; and the characteristics of one are often wholly incompatible with the peculiarities of another. Similar sounds cannot, in fact, express hatred and attachment—rage and tranquillity—jealousy and confiding affection. The lover does not serenade his mistress with a trumpet, nor can an army be led to battle

"To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

For the expression of vehement, disturbed and distracting passion, the Spanish language, for example, is wholly unqualified; yet it is admirably adapted to give utterance to solemn and supported dignity. The Dutch is distinguished by its strength. It is not a graceless combination of harsh and discordant sounds—the dull,

[1] The French language has been deprived of much of its pristine beauty by the loss of its diminutives, such as *elfanlelet, œillet, bracelet*, which so frequently occur in the old Gallic Poets down to the 16th century.

monotonous and clashing cymbal of languages: it rather resembles a well-regulated overture, in which the louder instruments take a principal share, yet their part is appropriate and sustained. The orthography adopted by the Dutch is not very attractive to the eye; yet the following specimens, if read by any one who is master of the language, will, we are assured, be deemed admirable proofs of sympathy between sound and sense. The first is HELMER's description of Python, in his poem of Apollo:

" Een schubbig vel bedekt zijn' rug, een hoorn is 't wapen
Van zijn afgrijslijk hoofd; hy slaakt een naar gehuil,
Het gansche land verstomt bij zijn afschuwlijk brullen:
Zijn klaauw doorwroet den grond, gedrogtlijk wringt zijn staart
Zich, als een ratelslang, in vreesselijke krullen,
En stalen vinnen zijn om 't koopren lijf geschaard.
Neen! de Acheron zag nooit een monster zoo afschuwlijk!
De vrucht sterft in het zaad door d'adem van 't gedrogt.
De Razernijen met heur toortsen zijn min gruwlijk,
Dan 't monster daar het loert van uit zijn zwarte krocht."

A scaly skin his back adorned, a horn the weapon
Of his tremendous head; he raised a dreadful howl,
And struck the whole land dumb with the terrific thunder:
His claws tore up the ground, he dragged his hideous train

Even like a rattle-snake in frightful twists coil'd under,
And fins of steel were bristled round his trunk: the reign
Of Acheron never saw a monster so prodigious.
The fruit died in the seed whene'er his breath was nigh;
The hated furies, with their torches, are less hideous
Than that foul monster when his prey was in his eye.

So VONDEL's lines to Salmasius, the calumniator of Hugo Grotius:

" O Farizeeusche grijns, met schijngeloof vernist,
Die 't groote lijk vervolght ook in zijn tweede kist;
Gij Helhont, past het u dien Herkles na te bassen,
Te steuren op 't autaer den Fenix in zijn assen,
Den mont van't Hollantsch Recht, bij Themis zelf beweent?
Zoo knaegh uw tanden stomp aen 't heilige gebeent."

O Pharisaic sneer, with seeming praise o'erspread,
Following his noble form when crumbling midst the dead;
Thou hell-hound! dar'st thou bark at Hercules—nor falter
Altho' the Phœnix lies in ashes on the altar,
The mouth of Holland's law, whom Themis' self bemoans?
Then wear thy teeth away upon his hallow'd bones.

Nor till the following verses are deemed unmusical shall we be disposed to allow that the Dutch is wholly wanting in melody and sweetness:

" Klaare, wat heeft 'er uw harçjen verlept,
Dat het verdriotjes in vroolijkheidt schept,

En t'aller tijdt even beneepen, verdort,
Gelijk als een bloempjen, dat dauwetjen schort?

Krielt het van vrijers niet om uwe deur?
Moogh je niet gaan niet te kust' en te keur?
En doe je niet branden, en blaaken, en braên,
Al, waar't u op lust een lonkjen te slaan?

Anders en speelt 'er het windetje niet,
Op elzetakken, en leuterigh riet,
Als: lustighjes, lustighjes. Lustighjes, gaat
Het watertje, daar 't tegen 't walletje slaat.

Ziet d'openhartige bloemetjes staan,
Die u, tot alle blijgeestigheidt, raên.
Zelf 't zonnetje wenscht' u wel beter te moê;
En werpt u een lieffelijk oogelijn toe.

Maar zoo ze kunnen, door al hun vermaan,
Niet steeken met vreughd uw zinnetjes aan,
Ik leg u te maaken aan 't schreijen de bron,
De boomen, de bloemen, de zuivere zon."

HOOFT.

Clara! come tell me what withers thy heart,
That even enjoyments but sorrow impart,
And say why it thus like a flow'ret decays
To which morn lends no dews and bright noontide no rays?

Come not fond lovers adoring thee still?
Dost thou not wander or rest at thy will?
And do not thy glances, wherever they fall,
With mildness delight and with splendour enthrall!

Zephyr breathes pleasantly over the meads,
Playing thro' alders and talking to reeds,
All merrily, merrily. Merrily goes
The wavelet that on to its summer bank flows.

See! yon sweet blossoms, now opening gay,
Bid thee be cheerful and smiling as they;
The sun, too, invites thy young heart to be free,
And casts down his loveliest glance upon thee.

But, oh! if in vain they would chase for a while
Thy griefs, and awaken joy's slumbering smile,
Command the gay sun and the waters to join,
And the trees and the flow'rets, their bright tears to thine.

" Lachjes, lonkjes, toverlusjes,
Kneepjes, wenkjes, zachte kusjes;
Kusjes geurig als muskaat,
Zoet als versche honigraat;" &c.

HERM. VAN DEN BURG.

Laughs and glances, charming blisses,
Pressings, nods, and gentle kisses;
Kisses sweet as honey dew,
Fragrant as the nutmeg too, &c.

" Moe gewandelt, moe geseeten,
Moe gedronken, moe gegeeten,
Moe te gast gaen alle daegh,
Bij de vrienden in den Haegh,

Raeckt' ik weder op mijn Huisje
In mijn Ockenburger Kluisje,
Daar ik nu voor tijdverdrijf
Dese rijmpjes aen u schrijf."

JACOB WESTERBAEN.

Tir'd with wandering, tir'd with sitting,
Tir'd of drinking, tir'd of eating,
Tir'd of every busy plague,
Feasting—visiting the Hague,—
Here again I've found a dwelling,
My poor Ockenburger cell in,
Where I now, to pass the time,
Write you this my simple rhyme.

The Dutch is, as we have said, one of the purest and least understood descendants of the Gothic root. It may be studied in its perfection in that beautiful and emphatic version of the Bible, which owes its existence to the Synod of 1618—19. To the expression of devout and dignified emotion it is peculiarly adapted.

This language, concentrated within the narrow circle of the Northern Netherlands, was for many centuries the representative of Christian feeling; but remained unknown and unobserved in other parts of Europe: for while Europe re-

ceived with welcoming gratitude that torrent of ancient erudition conveyed in the purest latinity which poured from the academies and schools, the native streams that refreshed and invigorated Holland itself were wholly disregarded.

It has been usual to assert the superiority of languages in which polysyllabic very much preponderate over monosyllabic words. The former have, undoubtedly, the advantage in expressing the more tender emotions; but they are immeasurably below the latter in force and energy and passion.

The essential character of the Poetry of Holland—that which marks it in every age and in all its varieties—is a high tone of religious feeling, a sublimity borrowed from devout associations, and especially from the sacred writings.

VONDEL gave a permanent influence to this Christian spirit; and though a decided and deep tinge of Catholicism is spread over his works, yet he every where inculcates, and every where displays, an eloquent and reverential sense of the presence and the providence of the Divinity. CATS is not less the poet of religion: and even through the 18th century, at which period the

poetical literature of Holland seems most to have declined, a serious and sober and pious spirit marks every writer to whom any portion of power or of praise belongs. That spirit is obvious in the writings of those of the present day who have re-awakened the energies of their distinguished precursors. The intellectual powers, the varied erudition of BILDERDIJK, are not more remarkable than the purity of his life and the warmth of his benevolent affections; and many who, like DA COSTA and DE CLERCQ, are proud to call him their master, breathe the same spirit of habitual devotion.

Though the origin of all languages is in some measure lost in obscurity, yet the history of that of the Netherlands may be traced to the thirteenth century at least, about the middle of which the public decrees and the civil acts were first written in the language of the country[1]; but

[1] It was then generally called the Flemish language; partly because the Flemish provinces were at that time predominant, from their great prosperity; and partly, that the old Flemish writers paid more attention to the genders, and observed a greater purity of diction. The Brabant most resembled the Flemish idiom. The Batavian or Dutch was, on the contrary,

according to EMMIUS, *De Agro Frisiæ*, p. 265—268, it was not brought into general use until the year 1298. The most ancient public document extant is an ordinance issued by King William, Earl of Holland and Zealand, to the citizens of Walcheren, on the eleventh day of March 1254.[1] HUYDECOPER refers to a writing which he supposes to have been executed in 1190: but Van LELYVELD considers it to be of more modern date. Several other manuscripts have excited much attention; although we believe

more forcible and grave. This distinction continued until the end of the 15th century; they then lost their distinguishing characteristics, and became alike impure and weak. They remained in this fallen state until after the Spanish disturbances, when the Dutch language so far surpassed the Flemish, both in purity and force, that the latter became entirely superseded, and never recovered its former influence and importance. The progress of commerce in the Low Countries began at this period to produce its influence on the Dutch tongue. Commerce is one of the nurses of language in its infancy; and, in proportion as it is itself raised or depressed, raises or depresses the spirit of independence and research, on which the greatness of a nation and the purity of its language so evidently depend.

[1] *Historia Critica Comitatus Hollandiæ et Zeelandiæ.*—tom. ii. par. ii. p. 654—6.

that the attempt to trace their origin to an earlier period has been unsuccessful, with the exception, perhaps, of one, bearing the title "*Een Epistel tot den XI dusent magheden* CHRISTI," which IJPEIJ supposes to have been written in 1183. Before this period a monkish Latin was the only tongue cultivated for the purposes of literature. In Holland, as in all other parts of Europe, the vernacular dialects were too much despised to be made the medium of communication between men of letters. They were, indeed, generally too confined in their extent to be advantageously or conveniently employed. Some advantages no doubt resulted from the almost universal use of the Latin language—corrupt and disjointed as it had become—for it was the commonly-understood means of intercourse between the learned of all European nations; and, as nothing connected with literature had obtained currency in

[1] The Dutch have been always celebrated; and they still deserve to be celebrated, for the pure latinity of many of their writers; and in our own times Meerman, Cras, Van Lennep, and others, may be quoted as the legitimate heirs of classical fame.

any other dress, those few countries in our quarter of the globe where that language had not penetrated, remained shrouded beneath the mantle of darkness or of barbarism. Whatever may exist of the ancient poetry of such nations—however sublime or touching its conceptions—however energetic, however harmonious, its expressions—is no proof of any thing like an advanced state of civilization. If "song is but the eloquence of truth," its beauty and its perfection are independent of the mental culture of the poet; for the truths it celebrates are the inspirations of nature, not the developments of art. The bards of other days might possibly have sung "more cunningly" in more enlightened ages, but not more sweetly or more touchingly: and perhaps many a harp, whose melodious vibrations have been echoed and re-echoed by the voices of successive centuries, would have been hung on the willows, and have remained silent, had civilization, with its hundred allurements, been allowed to distract or to divide the attention and the genius of its master. Little natural poetry can exist in a country which employs a language not its

own for the purposes of literature. Strong ideas and intense feelings may be communicated in a foreign tongue, but

> "——— Thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers,"

which is, in truth, the most simple and the most beautiful definition of poetry, can only be conveyed by the language in which *we think*. Biscay, for instance, whose inhabitants have for ages employed the Castilian instead of their own tongue, for the written communication of their thoughts, has as yet produced no poet[1]; and over the whole surface of the middle ages we find scarcely one illustrious poetical name—of which the cause referred to was probably the mainly-influencing one.

We wish to premise here, that we are not the critics but the historians of Dutch poetry, which constitutes in fact the earliest literature of the Netherlands. We do not always quote because

[1] And so they are attacked by an old Romancero:

> De entendimiento corto
> Biscayno en los conceptos.

we admire, but because we wish to describe. Such was the birth, we say, and such the growth, of the Muse of Holland. It would be easy to judge harshly, but we deem it better to represent silently.

THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIËS.

FROM

JACOB VAN MAERLANT

TO

LAMBERTUS GOETMANN.

FROM

JACOB VAN MAERLANT

TO

LAMBERTUS GOETMANN.

Jacob van Maerlant die Vader
Es der Dietscher Dichteren algader.

JACOB VAN MAERLANT, born at Damme[1] in Flanders A. D. 1235, is honoured with the title of *Father of the Poets of the Netherlands.* He was distinguished as a philosopher and as an orator, and appears to have held the office of public Secretary to his native place. What particularly entitles him to distinction is his having been a layman—a layman renowned for his taste and learning even in his own day, when reading was almost wholly confined to the clergy. He translated into Dutch rhyme the *Historia Scholastica* of

---

[1] Van Wyn supposes he was born at Maerlant, a small place in Holland.

PETER COMESTOR[1]: *Flowers of Nature (Der Natuere Bloeme)* from ALBERT'S[2] *Liber Rerum:* BONAVENTURA'S *Life of Francis: Beauties of Aristotle,* of which he quaintly says,

> Dese bloemen hebben wi besocht
> Ên uten Latine in Dietsche brocht
> Ute Aristotiles boeken.[3]

His most appreciated productions are *Wapen Martijn, Verkeerde Martijn,* and his *Historic Mirror (Spiegel Historiael),* two parts of which were published by Clignett and Steenwinkel. It is an imitation of the *Speculum Historiale* of VINCENTIUS BELLOVACENSIS, and is rather flowing and agreeable. He introduces many excellent thoughts from the ancients, especially from SENECA, as for example:

> Dats Wive doen eñ Manne verre
> Nu blide te wesen eñ nu erre:
> Want alle dinc syn ongestade.
> Hieromme es hi vroet te rade,

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[1] A learned Frenchman of the 12th century, who, from his scriptural argumentative powers, was reported to have eaten up the Bible.

[2] Of Cologne.

[3] All these beauties haue we soughte,
And out of Latin to Dutche broughte,
From the bookes of Aristotle.

Die de wereld werren laet,
En emmer blivet in enen staet.[1]

We quote his apology, so illustrative both of the poet and of the language of that early period, for the frequent recurrence of Flemish words in his verses.

Ende, omdat ic Vlaminc ben,
Met goeder herte biddic hen,
Die dit Dietsche sullen lesen,
Dat si mijns genadich wesen;
Ende lesen sire in somich woort,
Dat in her land es ongehoort,
Men moet om de rime souken
Misseliike tonghe in bouken.[2]

Melis Stoke lived towards the end of the 13th century. His *Poetic Chronicle* (*Rijmchronijk*) was

[1] When joye to sudden griefe giues place,
'Tis woman's weaknesse—man's disgrace:
For earthlie thinges are euer changing.
Thus he is wise, whose harte unranging
Lets the worlde roule as it wille,
And is unmoued and stedfaste stille.

Imitated in the style of Chaucer by a friend:

For I am Flemysh, I yow beseche
Of youre curtesye, al and eche,
That shal thys Doche chaunce peruse,
Unto me nat youre grace refuse;
And yf ye fynden any worde
In youre countrey that ys unherde,
Thynketh that clerkys for her ryme
Taken a faultie worde somtyme.

published in 1591, and again in 1772, with introductory and explanatory observations. His *Address to William the Third* contains some good lines.

JAN VAN HELU, THOMAS of GHESAERT, and HEIJNRIC VAN HOLLAND, are the only other Poets of the 13th century entitled to mention, and they none of them improved on the poetry of MAERLANT. Of the first of these the following lines are worth preserving:

Want, gelyc dat die Euerzwyn,
Daer si moede gejaget zyn,
Verbeiden spieten ende sweert,
Alsoe drongen si, onuerveert,
Jeghen die Brabantre weder,
Dat si doen den Hertoghe neder
Twee orsen onder hem staken.[1]

These extracts are rather to be considered as curiosities than as subjects for critical severity. VAN MAERLANT'S are the first developments[2] of the germ of na-

[1] As the furious boare, pursued
By the daring hunter rude,
Teares the earth, and, raging loudlie,
Rushes on the hunter prous'lie,
So the fierce Brabanter then
Driues the Hertoch back agen,
Under him two horses stagger.——

[2] He makes mention of Willem Utenhoven, Calfstaf, Noij-

tional poetry, and, however defective in imagery and rugged in rhyme, entitle their author to our attention, as they have obtained for him the gratitude of his countrymen. He aspired to knowledge, to its attainment and to its communication, when it was an almost forbidden possession. The stream of literature has rolled on, gathering in its progress a thousand contributing rivulets: let not the humble and remote spring be forgotten, whence it originally flowed.

It is a singular fact, that the means which were employed in the 14th century for the advancement of the language and its literature, became in the highest degree instrumental to its degradation. We allude to the foundation of the *Chambers of Rhetoric*, which took place towards the end of this era. The degeneracy of the language may mainly be attributed to the wandering orators (*sprekers*), who, being called to the courts of princes, or admitted though uninvited, rehearsed, for money, the miserable doggrel produced by themselves or others. These people afterwards formed themselves, in Flanders and Brabant, into literary societies, which were known by the name of *Chambers of Rhetoricians* (*Kamers der Rhetorijkers* or *Rederijkers*), and which offered prizes to the most meritorious poets.

dekijn, and Clais van Brechten; but none of their writings have come down to us.

The first Chambers appear to have been founded at *Dixmuiden* and *Antwerp*: at the former place in 1394, and at the latter in 1400. These societies were formed in imitation of the French, who began to institute them about the middle of the 14th century, under the name of *Colléges de Rhetorique*. The example of *Flanders* was speedily followed by *Zealand* and *Holland*. In 1430 there was a Chamber at *Middelburg*; in 1433, at *Vlaardingen*; in 1434, at *Nieuwkerk*; and in 1437, at *Gouda*. Even insignificant Dutch villages had their Chambers. Among others, one was founded in the *Lier* in the year 1480. In the remaining provinces they met with less encouragement. They existed, however, at *Utrecht*, *Amersfoort*, *Leeuwaarden*, and *Hasselt*. The purity of the language was completely undermined by the rhyming self-called Rhetoricians, and their abandoned courses brought Poetry itself into disrepute. All distinction of genders was nearly abandoned; the original abundance of words ran waste; and that which was left, became completely overwhelmed by a torrent of barbarous terms.

This century, therefore, introduced no improvement on the age that preceded it. Versification was almost exclusively appropriated to purposes wholly unworthy of it—to the dry details of chronicled and other uninteresting events. At this period, however, the inroads of the Flemings produced a considerable change in

the language. The violent party spirit and civil dissensions of this epoch had vent in something fiercer than the vehemence of poetry: besides that the poetry excited by temporary circumstances, if to such it were applied, was scarcely likely to live after the events which had given it a passing interest. Many Latin words were introduced about this time, and their effect is singularly abrupt and unpleasing.

Deus! Hoe sal ic bolprisen mogen,

is a line of LODEWIJK VAN VELTHEM, a Brabant priest. An anonymous poet of this century has, notwithstanding, some merit. Take as an example a verse from the *Dietsche Doctrinal*:

Weet, dat Cloosteren en Stede
Niet en connen geuen heilicheden,
Mer die reinicheit in 't herte heeft,
Weet, dat die heilichlike leeft.
Want God oueral es,
So mach men, des syt ghewes,
God dienen oueral,
Op straten, op berghe en dal.[1]

[1] Know that holiness keepes her throne
Not in cloysters or temples alone.
The temple where she loues to dwelle
Is a pure spirit's secrete celle.

CLAES WILLEMS is the only other poet of this century who is entitled to notice; but few of his productions deserve translation.

Almost as barren is the fifteenth century as that which preceded it. Till some master-genius breaks through the trammels which minds of the common mould consent to wear, because they have long worn them, there is little to encourage inquiries, or to give excitement to attention. William the Sixth despised the country over which he reigned: but Poets found protectors, though poetry seems to have been little benefited by them, under Charles the Bold and Philip the Handsome: and the *Kamers der Rederijken* did something to interest, though not to improve, the taste of the age.

JAN OR WILLEM DE WEERT VAN YPREN wrote a work at the commencement of this century, entitled *The New Doctrinal*, or *Mirror of Sins*, copied principally from the Latin, and possessing as few claims to poetical merit as to originality.

JACOP VILT, a goldsmith at Bruges in Flanders, translated Boëthius; but his work does not deserve particular mention.

God is aboue us euerie where:
This be our counsel, this our care,
To serve Him—stille with praises meete
On hille, or vallie, or crowded streete.

About this time another translation of Boëthius[1], by an anonymous writer, appeared. The following lines afford a favourable specimen of his versification:

Al hebben al dese (dieren) diverschen aerd
Op sien nochtan al nederwaert
De meinsche alleen heift thooft gheresen
Onweirt sal hem de aerde wesen.[2]

It would be unwarrantable to pass over this epoch without some reference to that romantic yet simple poetry which exists in such a variety of forms, and has been preserved by the tenacity of undying tradition through all the Teutonic dialects; more especially since an acquaintance with these first awakened

[1] Boëthius was one of the favourite writers of the middle ages. He is often referred to by the Troubadours and Provençal poets, and was translated again and again into most of the languages of Europe. In England there was a translation by the unequalled Alfred; another by Chaucer; and another, of a later date. Sem Tob, a Hebrew-Spanish poet of the 15th century, ranks him with Homer, Virgil, and Dante, as one of the great lights of former days.

[2] With different natures brutes are founde,
But all looke downwarde to the grounde:
Man—man alone his heade upreareth,
Unworthie of him the earthe appeareth.
Lib. v. metr. 5.

a spirit of literature in the Netherlands. The Amatory Verses long current in Provence and Languedoc, and the Romances of Chivalry from the North excited attention and challenged emulation. The aged of those days delighted to listen to these tuneful memorials. Youth gathered from them incitement to deeds of glory and of virtue; and the maiden learnt them by heart whilst conning her breviary. The universality of some of the fables of Romance is one of the most curious facts of literary history. The *Knights of the Round Table* have been celebrated in almost every dialect of Europe, and even beyond its boundaries. The *Reyntje de Vos*, so well known to the people of the middle age, was translated into Dutch at a very early period. The brothers GRIMM have given several specimens of old Dutch poetical romance in their **Altdeutsche Waelder**; and perhaps the very affinity of these fabulous histories to others which have reached us by different channels, will give them a keener relish.

THE HUNTER FROM GREECE.

A HUNTER went a-hunting into the forest wide,
And nought he found to hunt but a man whose arms
were tied.

"Hunter," quoth he, "a woman is roaming in the grove,
And to your joyous youth-tide a deadly bane shall prove."
"What should I fear a woman—who never fear'd a man?"
Then to him, while yet speaking, the cruel woman ran.
She seized his arms and grasp'd his horse's reins, and hied
Full seventy miles, ascending with him the mountain's side.
The mountains they were lofty, the valleys deep and low,—
Two sucklings dead—one turning upon a spit he saw.
"And am I doom'd to perish, as I these perish see?
Then may I curse my fortune that I a Greek should be."
"What! are you then from Greece? for my husband is a Greek;
And tell me of your parents—perchance I know them —speak."
"But should I name them, they may to you be all unknown:—
My father is the monarch of Greece, and I his son;
And Margaret his consort—my mother too is she;
You well may know their titles, and they my parents be."

" The monarch of the Grecians—a comely man and gay—
But should you ne'er grow taller, what boots your life, I pray?"
" Why should I not grow taller? I but eleven years have seen;
I hope I shall grow taller than trees in the forest green."
" How hope you to grow taller than trees in the forest green?—
I have a maiden-daughter, a young and graceful queen,
And on her head she weareth a crown of pearls so fine;
But not e'en wooing monarchs should have that daughter mine.
Upon her breast she beareth a lily and a sword,
And even hell's black tenants all tremble at her word."
" You boast so of your daughter, I wish she'd cross my way,
I'd steal her kisses slily, and bid her a good day."
" I have a little courser that's swifter than the wind,
I'll lend it to you slily—go—seek—the maiden find."
Then bravely on the courser gallop'd the hunter lad;
" Farewell! black hag, farewell! for your daughter is too bad."
" O had I, as this morning, you in my clutches back,
You dared not then have call'd me—you dared not call me 'black.'"

She struck the tree in fury with a club-stick which she took,
Till the trees in the green-wood trembled, and all the green leaves shook.

The poets delighted to sing the disappointments of the malevolent purposes of those imps, or fiend-like spirits, whose encounters with mortals so frequently formed the subject of their fanciful creations.

THE FETTERED NIGHTINGALE.

Now I will speed to the Eastern land, for there my sweet love dwells,
Over hill and over valley, far over the heather, for there my sweet love dwells:
And two fair trees are standing at the gates of my sweet love,
One bears the fragrant nutmeg, and one the fragrant clove.
The nutmegs were so round, and the cloves they smelt so sweet,
I thought a knight would court me, and but a mean man meet.

The maiden by the hand, by her snow-white hand he led,
And they travel'd far away to where a couch was spread;—
And there they lay concealed through the loving live-long night,
From evening to the morning till broke the gay day-light;
And the sun is gone to rest, and the stars are shining clear,
I fain would hide me now in an orchard with my dear;
And none should enter then my orchard's deep alcove;
But the proud nightingale that carols high above.
We'll chain the nightingale—his head unto his feet,
And he no more shall chatter of lovers when they meet.
I'm not less faithful now, although in fetters bound;
And still will chatter on of two sweet lovers wound.

Here is all the natural feeling without the exaggeration of the best epoch of the Troubadour poetry.

THE KNIGHT AND HIS SQUIRE.

A KNIGHT and his Esquire did stray—*Santio*
In the narrow path and the gloomy way,—*Non weder*
So quoth the Knight—"Yon tree do thou—*Santio*
Climb—bring the turtle from the bough."—*Non weder*
"Sir Knight, I dare not; for the tree—*Santio*
Is far too light to carry me."—*Non weder*
The Knight grew grave and stern: and he—*Santio*
Mounted himself the waving tree.—*Non weder*
"My master is fallen dead below—*Santio*
Where are my well-earned wages now?—*Non weder*
"Your well earned-wages! get you all—*Santio*
Chariots and steeds are in the stall."—*Non weder*
"Chariots and steeds I seek not after,—*Santio*
But I will have the youngest daughter."—*Non weder*
The Squire is now a Knight; and still—*Santio*
Drives steeds and chariots at his will.—*Non weder*

We pass over JAN VAN DEN DALE. His writings were popular in his day, and obtained for him splendid

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[1] The chorus of this Romance is—

—— Santio
Non weder de kneder de koorde sante jante
Iko, kantiko di kandelaar sti.

marks of attention from his countrymen. ANTHONIS DE RUERE of Bruges and ANDRIES DE SMIT or SMET are sufficiently noticed by the introduction of their names. DIRK VAN MUNSTER wrote the *Christian Mirror*, and LAMBERTUS GOETMAN the *Mirror of Youth*. Each did something to advance the progress of literature, by improving on the poets who had preceded them.

FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

FROM

ANNA BYNS

TO

HENDRIK SPIEGHEL.

FROM

ANNA BYNS

TO

HENDRIK SPIEGHEL.

POETRY, the most interesting form in which the sublimer passions are expressed and developed, is sometimes a slowly-working but a most important agent of improvement. It becomes often a condensation of the national will, and is the rapid conductor of sympathy from one class of society to another, from its aptitude for communicating thoughts and feelings. Those great changes, which had become necessities, soon reckoned among their advocates the enlightened men who marked the course of the "mighty stream of tendency;" and amidst the discussions and the disturbances of the 16th century, literature in Holland gathered new strength, and re-acted upon the public mind with increasing activity. While the political liberties of the Netherlands began to dawn again, and religious inquiry opened a wide field of freedom and of virtue, knowledge,—which is, in fact, but another word for truth,—spread widely her benignant and encouraging influences. The extraordinary and impetu-

ous character of Luther had shaken the tottering pillars of authority and usurpation; while Erasmus[1]—though ambiguous in his policy, and wavering in his will—had opened the flood-gates of inquiry by his translation of the Scriptures. The atrocious edicts, by which the Emperor Charles (in 1529) doomed the supporters of the Reformation to death,—the men to be put to the sword—the women to be buried alive,—gave new enthusiasm to the persecuted, and reflected infinite disgrace on the persecutors: for persecution is a suicidal principle; its lance soon turns towards itself. It is remarkable that the presence of the Spaniards, who were at this period the models of classic writing, and whose works were frequently printed at Antwerp, the Hague, and other parts of the Netherlands, should not have produced a more decided influence on Dutch literature: but the benefits the Spaniards conferred could not but be forgotten in the wrongs they inflicted.

[1] The cordial friendship existing between Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and Juan Luis Vives—men of different nations and language, and each probably the most renowned of his contemporary countrymen—a friendship founded on intellectual superiority, on mutual respect and sympathy,—is one of the most remarkable events of this period. On a life of either of these individuals almost all that is interesting in the history and literature of this time might be grounded.

The number of reformers increased from day to day; and these times of anarchy and bloodshed produced many gifted poetical characters. Among these was ANNA BYNS. She was inimical to the Reformation, and directed her talents principally against its progress. These lines will convey some idea of her powers:—

[1] SEE'ST thou the sun and moon's transparent beam,
The fair stars thickly sprinkled o'er the sky?
They're rays, which from the Eternal's fountain stream.
Then turn thy contemplative gaze on high,
Praise the pure light, whence these their light obtain,
Whose heavenly power is in the sun-rays seen.
It wakes from earth's dark tomb the buried grain,
And decks with flowers the hills and valleys green,
So that no painter could convey, I ween,
Such magic colouring and variety;—

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[1] Siet ghy sonne en mane claer van ghestichte,
En de sterren dichte aen den hemel staen,
Ten zyn maer straelen van den eeuwigen lichte:
Dus wilt u ghesichte in 't hoogste slaan:
Pryst om 't licht, daer deze haer licht af ontfaen,
Wiens godlycke kracht schynt in der sonnestraelen,
Die alle groeysel doet uyt er eerden gaan,
Soo dat gheen schilder en sou connen ghemaelen
Soo schoonen coleuren, oft soo menigherhande:

Then, reasoning beings, if ye would not err,
Make nature nature's God's interpreter;
Though nought, however fair, by land or sea
With the Creator's beauty can be rated,
Yet think, while gazing on their brilliancy,
How wondrous He, who all those works created!

JAN FRUITIERS was master of Requests to the Prince of Holland, and a zealous reformer. He wrote several works both in rhyme and prose. Among the former was one entitled "*Ecclesiasticus, or The wise Sayings of Jesus the son of Syrach.*"

DIRK COORNHERT was born at Amsterdam in the year 1522. In 1562 he was secretary to the town of Haarlem, and two years afterwards to the Burgomasters of that place. In 1572 he was private secretary to the States of Holland. His general style was pure, but the subjoined extract proves that it was not always so. The thought, however, though not well expressed, is too pleasing to be lost.

Dus, redelycke menschen, hoort myn verhalen,
Soeck in de creaturen (wilt gy niet dwalen)
Den Schepper met uwen relycken verstande;
Want siet gy yet schoons te water, te lande,
't Mach by de schoonheyt des Scheppers luttel dropen:
Dus seght oft denckt uyter liefsten brande,
Och hoe schoon moet hy zyn die 't al heeft gheschepen!

[1] MAIDEN! sweet maiden! when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
It is light around as the day can be.
But, maiden! sweet maiden! when thou'rt away,
Though the sun be emitting his loveliest ray,
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail is the sun or the shade,
Since my day and my night by *thee* are made?

He greatly distinguished himself by his upright and intrepid conduct; and from the verses written by him, whilst persecuted and imprisoned, these are perhaps worth quoting:

[2] WHAT is the world's liberty to him whose soul is
firmly bound
With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it
around

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[1] Meysjen als ick u mach wesen ontrent,
Al stonden de sterren aen het firmament,
Soo is, als dagh, den Hemel klaer:
Maar als ick van u moet sijn absent,
Al scheen die scn noch soo excellent,
Soo is het nacht voor myn oenpaer.
Wat baet my dan der sonnen kracht,
Als ghy my maecht dagh ende nacht?

[2] Wat baet hen's werelts vryheyt diens ziel is gebonden,
Met duysent aenclevende doodtlycke sonden?

What's the world's thraldom to the soul which in itself
is free?—
Nought! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged, more great,
Than many a golden-fetter'd fool with outward pomp
elate;
For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame
on tyranny.

Coornhert did much towards purifying the language of his predecessors.

Merely mentioning PETRUS DATHENUS, PHILIP VAN MARNIX, JAN BABTIST HOUWAERT, PEETER HEYNS, and ZACHARIAS HEYNS, son of the latter, who far surpassed his father, we come to ROEMER VISSCHER, and HENDRIK SPIEGHEL, son of Laurens Spieghel. The former gained from his countrymen the title of Dutch Martial. We give a short specimen:

[1] O wealth! thou mother of evil fate,
Wife of falsest treachery,

Wat scha' et ook de rycke ziel dees lichaems banden?
Niet! hy pronckt met zyn meesters cluysters eerlyck,
Meer dan menigh zot met ketens van gout begeerlyck,
Der vromen boeyens eeren hun den vanger tot schanden.

[1] O ryckdom, moeder van alle quaet,
Wyf van valsche verradery,

Daughter of care, sister of hate,
Nurse of all iniquity;
Having thee, pale fears surround us,
And, without thee, sorrows wound us.

Spieghel was born at Amsterdam in 1549, and had the advantages of a classical education. The following is one of his descriptions:

[1] The cold and dreary night, clad in its raven-robe,
With all the stars retires, as morning wakes the globe;
Earth's orbit is approach'd, and gladden'd with the sight
Of rays, whose fertile warmth proceeds from heaven's great light,
Which leaves the barren Ram with Taurus now to reign,
And decks the northern zone with shady leaves again.

Dochter van sorgh, suster van haet,
Voester van alle schelmery,
U te hebben dat doet vreesen
En niet te hebben droevigh wesen.

[1] De kouwe nare nacht met duisterheid omhanghen
En sterren weken al des uchtens rode wanghen,
Ons aarden kreis ghenaakt het wenschelyk ghezicht
Der stralen groeyzaam-heet des hemels groote licht:
Dat liet d'onvruchtbaar Ram, om in den Stier te stieren,
En 't noorde-gordel weer met lover-schauw te cieren.

His style is harsh and encumbered with epithets; but his compositions are characterized by devout feelings and singular strength. These lines are a curious specimen of affinity between Dutch and English:

Parnassus is too wide: here is no Helicon
But downs, wood and beck, one air, one self-same sun,
This water, this land, beck, field, stream, and wood-goddesses
With mightless love we heartily admire.[1]

The Sixteenth Century unquestionably improved on the age that preceded it; but that improvement was the natural advance of literature with civilization; a slow but a decided progress; during which no very extraordinary or pre-eminent genius had appeared,

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[1] Parnassus is te wijd: hier is geen Helicon
Maar duinen, bosch en beek, een lucht, een zelfde zon,
Dit water, dit land, beek, feld, stroom en boomgodinnen,
Met maghteloose liefd wy hartelijk beminnen.
Hartspiegel i. 127—130.

sufficient in himself to exalt or to form the era. Calm anticipation might well expect a brilliant futurity. But with the commencement of the seventeenth century, a succession of writers appeared, whose talents and learning laid the foundation and reared the edifice of national literature in Holland.

This is in truth an epoch which arrests the attention by its extraordinary splendour, a splendour bursting forth from comparative darkness, not through the gradual awakening of a gentle twilight, but suddenly blazing into light and day.

The latter part of this century, however, by no means answered the expectations that were so naturally excited by the commencement, especially as regards the drama. Originality was lost sight of, and translations from the French became every day more frequent. The fine natural tragedies of HOOFT and VONDEL found more eulogists than imitators; more who coolly admired the model than copied the master. The passion for foreign novelties,—a passion which has been at all times the bane of national literature,—chilled the efforts of native genius, and withered all the buds of thought, and all the expansions of imagination. HOOFT and VONDEL formed their dramas on the Greek model, introduced the ancient chorus, and rigidly preserved the unities. The chorus became in some sort a constituent part of the Dutch drama, and

is even now always preserved when the tragedies of their old writers are represented; and it would assuredly be an injustice to the audience and to the authors themselves, were it omitted; for, however opinions may differ respecting its utility or good taste, we cannot willingly dispense with the host of beauties which the tragic writers of Holland have often imparted to it. But one circumstance must not be omitted: over this period an anti-English spirit is almost universally spread. The malevolent feelings excited by international war,—which, while it encourages all the fierce and unruly passions, blunts and destroys the gentler and the nobler,—have tinged the literature of Holland with the expression of an eloquent and a bitter hatred against our country. We shall not inquire how little of it was deserved by our ancestors, nor how much of it may be excused or even applauded. It is enough to say that ill-will produces a re-action of ill-will, and that triumph is dearly purchased at the price of misery.

This century is not celebrated for its poets only. It had its heroes in De Ruiter and Van Tromp: its statesmen in Barneveldt and the De Wits. Its learned writers are Huig de Groot (Grotius), Daniel and Nicolaus Heins (Heinsius), P. Schryver (Scriverius), Salmas (Salmasius), John Frederick Gronov (Gronovius), Casper van Baerle (Barlæus), John Vos (Vos-

sius)[1], and many other eminent classics. Its men of science—Leoninus, Aldegonde, and Dousa. For its painters it had Rubens, Vandyk, Rembrandt, Mierevelt, the Teniers, the Van de Veldes, Jordaans, Kuyp, the Ostades, Gerard Douw, Mieris, John and Philip Wouvermans, Metsu, Berchem, Paul Potter, Pynaker, the Ruysdaels, Van Huysem, Wynants, Steen: and during this period the universities at Groningen[2], Utrecht[3], and Gelderland[4], and the celebrated school[5] at Amsterdam were established[6].

"The age of which we speak," says the learned Professor Siegenbeek, "and more especially the earlier part of it, was in every point of view so glorious to the Dutch nation, that it would be difficult to discover, in the history of any other people, a period of such resplendent fame and greatness."

The return of Hooft from Italy, whence he brought back the charms of the Ausonian muses, and introduced the regularity and refinement of the southern schools, laid the foundation of a new and better era of poetry. From this time too the prose of Holland

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[1] Of whom Vondel said:

"Al wat in boeken steekt is in zyn brein gevaren."

Whatever is anchored in books floated about in his brain.

[2] 1614. [3] 1636. [4] 1648. [5] 1629.

[6] The university of Leyden was founded in 1574.

became remarkably vigorous and energetic; and the whole tone of Dutch literature was elevated, not only by the rapid improvement of the language, but by that literary and inquiring spirit whose influence spread itself over many generations.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT,

BORN 1581—DIED 1647.

Hoofdium quisquis studet æmulari
Belga ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis—

BARLÆUS.

Zoo ooit uw pen zich eer of duur belooft
Begin toch niets in 't Neerduitsch zonder HOOFT.

JOH. VOLLENHOVE.

——— Het sonne-licke HOOFT
Dat de sterkste sterren dooft.

HUYGENS.

Under a beautiful engraving of HOOFT, belonging to Mr. S. P. Denning of the Dulwich gallery, are the following lines:

Draagt achting voor dit beeld, gy jongen en gy ouden;
Het is de Ridder HOOFT: waar moet men hem voor houden:
O wyzen, meldt het my indien gy hier niet suft,
Voor eerlyker van harte, of kloeker van vernuft?

R. HUYDECOPER.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT,

BORN 1581—DIED 1647.

PIETER CORNELIS HOOFT was born at Amsterdam on the 16th of March, 1581. At the age of 19 he was already a member of the "Amsterdamsche Kamer in Liefde Bloeijende," which was entirely distinct from, and far more celebrated than, the other literary societies of that period. His earliest productions were not distinguished by any of that sweetness of versification and occasional force which afterwards lent such charms both to his prose works and poetry. He went to France and Italy, and gave the first promise of an improved style and more cultivated taste, in a poetical epistle, written at Florence, to the members of the "Amsterdamsche Kamer." He appears to have made the Greek, Latin, and Italian writers his peculiar study. By reading the latter he was first taught to impart that melody to his own language of which it had not hitherto been deemed susceptible. To no man, indeed, is Dutch literature more indebted than to HOOFT. He refined the versification of his age, without divesting it of its vigour. His mind had

drunk deeply at the founts of knowledge, and his productions are always harmonious and often sublime. The great VONDEL, who was too truly noble to be jealous of his fame, calls him

"Of Holland's poets most illustrious head[1]."

It is difficult to decide whether HOOFT or VONDEL was most honoured by this eulogium.

His "History of the Netherlands" affords perhaps the best specimen of Dutch prose. He died on the 21st of May, in the year 1647.

His *Granida* is one of the most beautiful specimens of harmony in the Dutch language; and the critics of Holland are fond of contrasting the flowing music of HOOFT with the harsh and cumbrous diction of SPIEGEL, his forerunner. The original of the following lines (Sc. i. of the *Granida*) deserves every eulogy for its poetical grace:

Het vinnigh straalen van de son
Ontschuil ik in't boschaadje.

I'LL hie me to the forest now,
The sun shines bright in glory;
And of our courtship every bough
Perchance may tell the story.

[1] "Dat Doorluchtig HOOFT der Hollandsche Poeten." Hooft, *Anglice* Head.

Our courtship? No! Our courtship? Yes!
There's folly in believing;
For of a hundred youths, I guess
(O shame!) they're all deceiving.

A gaysome swain is wandering still,
New pleasures seeking ever;
And longer than his wanton will
His love endureth never.

My heart beats hard against my breast,
So hard—can I confide now?
No! confidence might break my rest,
And faith will not be tried now.

Oft in the crowd we trip and fall,
And who escape are fewest:
I hear my own deliverer call—
Of all the true the truest.

But, silly maiden! look around,
And see thy cherish'd treasure;
Who rests or tarries never found
And ne'er deserved a pleasure.

Should he disclose his love to me
Whilst in this forest straying,
Were there a tongue in every tree,
What might they not be saying!

Hooft's *Geraardt van Velzen* and his *Baeto* served as the groundwork of the Dutch drama. The Spaniards had introduced a taste for the stage; but the Castilian tongue does not appear to have been generally understood: while Bredero and S. Coster popularised the language and the tragic poetry of Holland. Hooft's anacreontics have scarcely less merit than his plays.

Cupid once in peevish pet
Cried to Venus—"They are wet—
He has drench'd my strings in tears;
All my quiver have I shot—
Wasted all—they pierce him not,
And his heart of stone appears."

"Listen, silly boy!" she said:
"Steal a lock from Doris' head;
When thy arrows miss—refrain!
Waste not, trifling rogue, thy strength—
Wait and watch! Be sure at length
Cupid shall his victory gain."

So he runs where Doris dresses,
But he dared not steal her tresses;—
For a straggling hair or two
Softly he implores the fair:
Bends his bow—"The shaft is here—
He has pierced me through and through."

Naare nacht van benauwde drie jaaren.

THREE long years have o'erwhelm'd me in sadness,
Since the sun veil'd his vision of gladness:
Sorrow be banish'd—for sorrow is dreary;
Sorrow and gloom but outweary the weary.
In my heart I perceive the day breaking,
I cannot resist its awaking.

On my brow a new sun is arisen,
And bright is its glance o'er my prison;
Gaily and grandly it sparkles about me,
Flowingly shines it within and without me:
Why, why should dejection disarm me—
My fears or my fancies alarm me?

Laughing light, lovely life, in the heaven
Of thy forehead is virtue engraven;
Thy red coral lips, when they breathe an assenting,
To me are a dawn which Apollo is painting.
Thy eyes drive the gloom with their sparkling
Where sadness and folly sit darkling.

Lovely eyes—then the beauties have bound them,
And scatter'd their shadows around them;
Stars, in whose twinklings the virtues and graces,
Sweetness and meekness, all hold their high-places:
But the brightest of stars is but twilight
Compared with that beautiful eye-light.

Fragrant mouth—All the flow'rs spring is wreathing
Are dull to the sweets thou art breathing;
The charms of thy song might summon the spirit
To sit on the ears all-enchanted to hear it:
What marvel then if in its kisses
My soul is overwhelm'd with sweet blisses?

O how blest, how divine the employment,
How heavenly, how high the enjoyment!
Delicate lips and soft amorous glances,
Kindling and quenching and fanning sweet fancies,
Now, now to my heart's centre rushing,
And now through my veins they are gushing.

Dazzling eyes—that but laugh at our ruin,
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing;
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye;—
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?
O no! all resistance is idle.

Ah! my soul! ah! my soul is submitted;
Thy lips—thy sweet lips—they are fitted
With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection
The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection,
And sure never triumph was purer,
And sure never triumph was surer.

I am bound to your beauty completely,
I am fetter'd and fasten'd so sweetly;
And bless'd are the tones and the looks and the mind too
Which my senses control and my heart is inclined to:
While virtue, the holiest and brightest,
Has fasten'd love's fetters the tightest.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

(From the Tragedy of *Baeto.*)

Was ever human heart so hard,
'Gainst sympathy's bright glances barr'd,
When miseries, such as ours, oppress
Poor woman's wretched helplessness?
Ah! he who sees this struggling band,
Sad exiles from their father-land,
And sees them, with unalter'd eye,
Borne down by grief and misery,
Is sterner than the ocean-rock
That stands unmoved by tempest shock:
And he who pities not our woe,
To some devouring brute must owe
Existence—not to man: no tear
Will e'er bedew his cheeks. For here

The pregnant female creeps distress'd,
Her crying infant on her breast,
While fears pervade her shuddering frame
For husband—child—for life and fame,
Where'er the slightest whisper falls.
And here the helpless widow crawls;
Or childless, or child-fostering, still
Each thinks her own the greater ill.
Here the betroth'd young maid, who loves
With all her heart's best passion, roves;
Before her bridegroom's restless eye,
That sees its fondest visions fly.
Here roams the inexperienced fair
With trembling steps: the orphan heir
Before his guardians walks, afraid.
And here go forth, with staffs to aid,
The aged men, who ne'er as slaves
Would pass to their unheeded graves;
For though the frame may wither'd be,
Still blooms the heart of Liberty.
Here parents from their children sever,
Bound to their king by oath for ever:
The brother quits his sister's side,
And friends from long-tried friends divide;
The burgher leaves his home to fate;
The lord his post; the prince his state;

And drags his infant son along,
A sufferer wrong'd—who did no wrong,
Too young for crime. We wept—(but ought
Rather to triumph in the thought!)—
We wept the brave, who sank beneath
The foeman's arms to glorious death
Without remorse—without a fear.
Thrice happy heroes! whom a spear,
With iron point, or wooden stave
Has driven from life—and whom the grave
Has shelter'd from all future woe.
Ye never knew, and cannot know,
How sad the choice, how great the pains,
Of banishment or slavery's chains;
We move within a circle, where
Is nought save suffering, grief, and care;
Frighted, fright-scattering even on those
Our friends—who should have stemm'd our foes.

The versification of the following is, in the original, remarkably smooth and flowing:

Zal nemmermeer gebeuren my dan, naa deze stondt.

Oh! must I then surrender the sweets I dearly prize,
The blisses of thy lips, love; the friendship of thine eyes,
The blisses of thy lips, love—of thy lips, love?

The blisses of thy lips, love—the friendship of thine eyes!
The favour of thy bosom that open'd to my sighs,
The favour of thy bosom, of thy bosom?

Yet I shall be for ever thy willing slave and true;
But oh! my wilder'd senses! how shall I govern you?
But oh! my wilder'd senses—wilder'd senses.

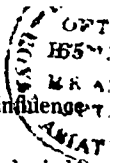
They all may vanish quickly, and wander from me far,
Now they have lost thee, dearest! their light—their guiding-star;
Now they have lost thee, dearest! lost thee, dearest!

The fair one's tears descended—she strove in vain to speak,
The drops that love had cherish'd fell down on either cheek;
The drops that love had cherish'd, love had cherish'd.

The soothing tears of pity, which more than smiles impart,
Even in his deepest misery, gave solace to his heart,
Even in his deepest misery, deepest misery.

Dame Venus* with her bright star now look'd out from above,
And saw this gentle courtship with wonder and with love:
And saw this gentle courtship, gentle courtship.

* Vrouw Venus.



" And since the glittering tear-drops such influence
own," she cried,
" Why is the power of weeping unto the gods denied?
Why is the power of weeping, power of weeping?"

The tender tears descended. The goddess came beneath,
" Hold! rather would I trample upon my rosy wreath.
Hold! rather would I trample, would I trample."

And, fearing lest some footstep might injure them, she stole
And caught the living tear-drops within a rose's bowl.
And caught the living tear-drops, living tear-drops.

" Oh! what are all my roses, or what my chaplet fair?
Bright pearls I now can fashion beyond the world's compare.
Bright pearls I now can fashion, now can fashion."

As soon as this was spoken, her tears as pearls appear,
Which she with gold pierc'd lightly, and hung in either ear.
Which she with gold pierc'd lightly, gold pierc'd lightly.

When Venus in her mirror thus saw herself array'd,
She wanted neither garlands nor talismanic aid.
She wanted neither garlands, neither garlands.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Is Death, which has been branded as a curse,
Too fair a guest to visit one abhorr'd?
Then art thou welcome in my fearful need,
Care-soothing Sleep, thou relative of Death,
Who now alone canst still my inward grief;
Protector of the wrung and tortured heart,
Who to the weary frame and woe-worn mind
Bring'st the full goblet of Oblivion's sweets.
Oh! that illusion would so fill my brain,
That the frame's rest might from the spirit keep
Those dreadful images, which are impress'd,
By the departed anguish of the day,
On the weak judgment!

Geraardt van Velzen, p. 491.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER.

O Tessela! leeft van Goden gekust,
Die al de vijf sinnen kunt geven haer lust.

Kasper van Baerle.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER lived at the time of HOOFT, who seems to have been her model. Her writings are unaffected and spirited. She translated the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso.

She addressed the original of the following verses to a musical friend:

Prijst vrij de Nachtegael.

PRIZE thou the Nightingale
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he—a wing'd and wandering sound:

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire:

Whose shrill capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,
Music of thousand tongues formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

Her sister ANNA, who was her contemporary, gained great credit by her writings, which, however, although easy and graceful in point of versification, were generally on inferior and every-day subjects, and had less of the poetry of thought than those of the former.

JACOB CATS.

BORN 1577—DIED 1660.

Attached to an old Edition of Cats's work is the following curious Acrostic:

I ngenii dotes raras mirabitur illi C
A rdua mens tanti, queis nobis docta camœn A
C urabit studio vigilanti emblemata rara u T
O mnes sic superet, Musarum gratia vel quei S
B landa favet: merito tollunt ad sidera doct I
U ndique: perge tuo tot vates vincere vers U
S olus eos inter Phœbus velut ipse sedebi S.

O Cats, als Dichter meer dan al wie u verachten;
Gy wien de dank behoort der laatste nageslachten,
Aan wien ik (wie 't ook zij, die op uw eerkroon smaalt)
Ook zelfs mijn lauwren dank aan Pindus voet behaalt.

Bilderdyk.

Geen ding was voor sijn oog zoo kleyn
Of't ging hem tot het innig breyn,
Geen dit of dat geen boere-schuyt
Of hy en trock er voordeel uyt.

Feith.

JACOB CATS.

JACOB CATS, less the poet of imagination than of truth; less the inciter to deeds of heroism and sublimity than the gentle adviser to acts of virtue and enjoyments of innocence; less capable of awaking the impulses of the fancy than of calling into exertion the dormant energies of reason and morality, was born at Brouwershaven, a small town in Zealand, in the year 1577. He was well versed in the ancient and modern languages, and as celebrated for the purity of his life as remarkable for the sound sense and virtuous tendency of his writings. He possessed an admirable knowledge of men and manners, a correct judgment, and a striking simplicity of language; indeed, it is a question whether he did not indulge too freely in his love for unvarnished matters of fact. The "foreign aid of ornament," skilfully employed, might have set off to advantage that earnest and interesting zeal in favour of truth and piety, which is so prominent in his works. But there is, notwithstanding, something so hearty in his unsophisticated style, something so touching in his simplicity, and something so frank and noble in

his precepts,—that we can scarcely regret his having given them to us unchanged by refinement and unadorned by art.

Cats had all Vondel's devotion, kindled at a purer and a simpler altar. His wisdom was vast, and all attuned to religious principle; his habits were those of sublime and aspiring contemplation; and his poetry is such as a prophet would give utterance to. He was the poet of the people. In his verses they found their duties recorded, and seeming to derive additional authority from the solemn and emphatic dress they wore. He is every where original, and often sublime.

He died in 1660.

CUPID LOST AND CRIED.

Het weeligh boefje, Venus-kint.

The Child of Venus, wanton, wild,
The slyest rogue that ever smiled,
Had lately stray'd—where? who shall guess?
His mother pined in sad distress;—
She calls the boy; she sighs, complains,
But still no news of Cupid gains:
For though her sorrow grew apace
None knew the urchin's resting-place;

She therefore vow'd the boy should be
Cried o'er the country speedily:
" If there be any who can tell
Where little Cupid 's wont to dwell,
A fit reward he shall enjoy
If he track out the truant boy;
His recompense a fragrant kiss
From Venus' ruby mouth of bliss;
But he who firmly holds the knave
Shall yet a sweeter guerdon have.
And lest ye should mistake the wight,
List to his form described aright:—
He is a little wayward thing,
That's panoplied on fiery wing;
Two pinions, like a swan, he carries,
And never for an instant tarries,
But now is here and now is there,
And couples many a curious pair.
His eyes like two bright stars are glowing,
And ever sidelong glances throwing:
He bears about a crafty bow,
And wounds before the wounded know:
His dart, though gilt to please the view,
Is dipp'd in bitter venom too:
His body, though 'tis bare to sight,
Has overthrown full many a knight:

His living torch, though mean and small,
Oft makes the hardiest warrior fall;
The highest dames with cares invades,
And spares not even the tenderest maids;—
Nay, what is worse than all the rest,
He sometimes wounds his mother's breast.
If such an urchin should be found,
Proclaim the joyous news around;
And should the boy attempt to fly,
O seize him, seize him daringly.
But if you have the child at last,
Be careful that you hold him fast,
Or else the roving bird he 'll play,
And vanish in thin air away:
And if he seem to pine and grieve,
You must not heed him—nor believe—
Nor trust his tears and feign'd distress,
His winning glance and bland caress;
But watch his cheek when dimples wreathe it,
And think that evil lurks beneath it;
For under his pretended smile
Are veil'd the deepest craft and guile.
If he a kiss should offer, shun
The proffer'd gift, or be undone;
His ruby lips thy heart would sentence
To brief delight, but long repentance:

But if the cunning boy will give
His dart to you—Oh! ne'er receive,
If you would hope for blissful years,
The present that so fair appears:
It is no pledge of love—but shame
And danger and destroying flame.
Then, friends—to speak with brevity—
This wholesome warning take from me:
Let those who seize the wily ranger
Be on their guard 'gainst many a danger;
For, if they venture too securely,
Misfortunes will assail them surely;
And if they trust the boy in aught,
The catchers will themselves be caught."

Daer is weleer een beelt geweest.

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendour dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which fill'd for hours the waste around:
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,

Or passing clouds its splendour veil'd,
Or evening shades its face conceal'd,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old—And even now,
The man who lives in fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge
In town and country, court and college;
And all assert *nem. con.* whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever:
But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimm'd his fires;
And all his praise like vapour flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise?

Wanneer het klim de boom onwangt.

When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems indeed polite enough;
And (judging from external things)
We deem it there in *friendship* clings;
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not—hidden treachery lies:

'Tis there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green;
So that the tree which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude,
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but blight—yet promised bloom.

Thou, whom the powerful Fates have hurl'd
'Midst this huge forest call'd the world,
Know, that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces;
But think, that 'neath the sweetest smile
Oft lurk self-interest, hate, and guile;
Or, that some gay and playful joke
Is Spite's dark sheath, or Envy's cloak.
Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth, his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favour share;
For those who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends and all besides may lose.

Die voor den bliksem vreest, of voor onstuymig weder.

Who flies the madden'd storm, or fears the lightning's ire,
Should lurk in life's low vale, nor to proud heights aspire.
The lowly roof may stand by the fierce bolt unriven
When the loud tempest sends its mandate through the heaven,
And shakes the stubborn rocks that lift their heads on high,
Braving with granite crowns the blue and lofty sky;—
It strikes the mighty tower, the monarch's citadel,
But spares the clay-built shed, where peace and meekness dwell.
Oh! happy, happy he, whose generous soul can rise
Above the dross of wealth, or pomp, or vanities—
Scorn splendour, pleasure, fame; and say with honest pride,—
I have ye not indeed, but yet am satisfied.

LAURENS REAEL.

BORN 1583—DIED 1637.

Een *Febus* op de lier, een *Tifus* op de baren.

JAN VOS.

LAURENS REAEL.

LAURENS REAEL was born at Amsterdam, and became justly celebrated for his many acquirements. He was a knight, and governor-general of India. As vice-admiral and ambassador he is also well known and esteemed. JAN Vos calls him—

A Phœbus on the lyre, a Tiphys on the waves.

He died in 1637.

Moghte ick nu mijn krans van roosen.

I WILL twine a wreath of roses
Round my shepherd's flowing hair;
And the world will then declare
That the wreath my love discloses:
Should there still remain a doubt,
With my lips I'll blot it out.

By his gentle flock surrounded,
Oft his cheerful pipe he plays—
Yet if any damsel strays
Tow'rds him—O I am confounded
With the spirit-withering fear,
Lest that maid those tones should hear.

Oft I think the Fates would bless me
Were I to a lambkin changed,
Then, whilst I with others ranged,
My own shepherd would caress me:
When his gentle flock I see,
With them I would ever be.

Gentle flock, my every feeling
Let the youthful shepherd know;
Vernal shades, disclose my woe;
Trees, be all my love revealing:—
Yet my own tale I would tell
To the swain I love so well.

Winds, that summer's fragrance rifle,
Tell him all that ye have heard—
Tell him freely word for word,
That my sorrows he may stifle:
Give my love, in sweetest tone,
And in lieu demand his own.

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

BORN 1585—DIED 1618.

In Editionem Poëmatum nobilissimi Batavi Poëtæ GERBRANDI BREDERODII.

Roma sibi placuit divinâ capta Poësi,
Dum placet argutis Accius illecebris;
Aut rediviva suis ardentia Pergama flammis,
Quæque gravis veterum digna cothurnus habet;
Aut tristes elegi, aut satyræ mordentia verba,
Aut festivus amor, compositive sales.
Quid sibi non placeat Batavum caput Amstelodamum
Illa peregrinos jactat, at illa suum.
Adde; quod innumeri vix præstitêre Poëtæ,
Unus sacra jocos tristia læta dedit.

HOOFT.

Hier rust *Brero* heen gereist
Daer de boot geen veergelt eischt
Van den geeste die met zijn kluchten
Holp aan 't lachen al die zuchten.

VONDEL.

GERBRAND BREDERODE.

GERBRAND BREDERODE was born at Amsterdam on the 16th March, 1585. His works, during his lifetime, were held in great esteem; but they have of late years been comparatively neglected by his countrymen.

Whether this arises from his occasional want of polish, or from a change in public opinion, or from both of these causes combined, is now difficult to determine. Yet it appears to us that he has been rather unfairly treated. Even JERONIMO DE VRIES, in his *Proeve eener Geschiedenis der Nederduitsche Dichtkunde,* (Specimen of a History of Dutch Poetical Literature,) although generally the most lenient of critics, has, we think, barely done him justice. Brederode had not, it is true, the imagination, and energy, and sublimity of HOOFT and VONDEL, and others of his contemporaries; but he possessed abundant natural feeling, an almost feminine sensibility, and, in most instances, an easy and harmonious flow of

versification. Nor, although living in the golden age of Dutch literature, did he ever abandon his originality of thought and expression, and condescend to be the mere imitator of even the most splendid models which his country has produced. It should also be borne in mind, that he was an utter stranger to the learned languages, and that he died when only thirty-three years of age.

He was principally celebrated for his comedies, into which he introduced the language of the lower classes of Amsterdam with great effect. It is said that he often attended the fish-market and similar places, to collect materials for his various pieces. This is apparent in his *Moortje* and his *Spaanschen Brabander*. His poems were published at Amsterdam in 1622, by Cornelis van der Plasse, under the titles of *Het Boertigh Liedt-Boeck* (Facetious Song-Book); *De Groote Bron der Minnen* (The Great Fountain of Love); and *Aendachtigh Liedt-Boeck* (Meditative Song-Book).

The first edition, published at Leyden by Govert Basson, was followed by a pirated one at Amsterdam. To the latter he thus alludes in the Preface to his *Boertigh Liedt-Boeck*:

"Next appeared a spurious edition at Amsterdam, containing among other things lewd and lascivious

verses, which I, of course, gained the credit of having written; but the honour that was thus conferred upon me, and the gratitude that I owe to these my benefactors, I shall take an opportunity of acknowledging in a manner that they will remember. For truly all pure-hearted and generous persons will now pause ere they publish any work, however creditable to their feelings and morality, seeing unlawfulness has risen to such a pitch, that any individual may give his disgusting obscenities to the world under the cloak of another's name."

BREDERODE died on the 23d of August, 1618.

Nu dobbert myn liefje op de zee
Op de woelende springhende baaren.

Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 10.

MY love is now floating away from me
On the waves that in chorus are sounding,
As they rise from the vast and foaming sea,
O'er whose bosom his ship is bounding.
Sail on, sail on, with breezes fair,
And never from thy memory tear
The girl whose home is there.

Oh! if two eyes like the sun were mine,
Which might gaze o'er the world for ever;
Or could I beguile one grief of thine,
I would follow and leave thee never.
Though maiden shame restrains my will,
Though parted by rising wave and hill,
My soul is with thee still.

And though I have not the Athenian's[1] art,
Which through air was his love's protection;
Yet, would but this earthly clay depart,—
With the guiding star of affection
My soul should lead the wanderer on.
With thee it goes—with thee 'tis gone—
Each thought is thine alone.

Were the voice of Stentor mine, for aye
Should that voice be heard beside thee;
But, alas! no words can force their way
Through the gather'd clouds that hide thee:
Yet though between us oceans roar,
My heart beyond all space will soar,
And speak with thine once more.

---

[1] Dædalus.

Were Medea's magic skill my own,
Not an adverse wind should alarm thee;
In his caves I would strike rude Æolus down,
That no breath might escape to harm thee:
Or steal from him a gentle gale,
To waft thee on, and never fail
Thy widely-spreading sail.

The winds and the waters of the sea,
The fix'd poles and the bright stars peeping—
Are dearer now than all else to me,
Since my love—light—life—are in their keeping.
O merciful Gods who o'er us move!
O Rulers of all around—above—
Protect and shield my love!

Thy pensive bride is weeping alone,
And tearing her hair asunder:—
Yes! thy turtle-dove doth nought but moan
Now the surges and tempests thunder.
Thou loved-one!—loved-one!—while apart,
What anguish fills her sorrowing heart
Who lives but where thou art!

My love is now floating away from me
On the waves that so loudly are sounding,
As they rise from the vast and foaming sea
O'er whose bosom his ship is bounding.

Sail on, sail on, with breezes fair,
And never from thy memory tear
The girl whose home is there.

Moy Aeltjen is't soo haest vergheten,
Myn lang vervolg van dagh en nacht.

Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 13.

Canst thou so soon unkindly sever
My long, long suit from memory?
The precious time now lost for ever,
The vanish'd moments pass'd with thee,
In friendliness, in love's caress,
In happiness, and converse free from guile,
From night till morning, and 'neath twilight's smile.

A father's rage and friends' derision
For thee I 've borne, when thou wert kind;
But they fled by me as a vision
That fades and leaves no trace behind.
Oh! thus I deem'd, when fondly beam'd,
And purely gleam'd, those brilliant eyes, whose ray
Hath made me linger near thee through the day.

How oft those tender hands I've taken,
And drawn them to my breast, whose flame
Seem'd, at their gentle touch, to waken
To feelings I dared scarcely name!
I wish'd to wear a lattice there
Of crystal clear or purest glass, that well
Thou mightst behold what tongue could never tell.

Oh! could the heart within me glowing
E'er from its cell have been removed,
I had not shrunk—that heart bestowing
On thee, whom I so warmly loved:
So long'd to wed, so cherished.
Ah! who could dread that thou wouldst wanton be,
And so inconstant in thy love to me!

Another youth has stoln my treasure,
And placed himself upon the throne
Where late I reign'd, supreme in pleasure,
And weakly thought it all my own.
What causes now that chilling brow?
Or where didst thou such evil counsel gain,
As thus to pride and glory in my pain?

What thoughts, too painful to be spoken,
Hath falsehood for thy soul prepared,
When thou survey'st each true-love token,
And think'st of joys together shared!

Of vows we made beneath the shade,
And kisses paid by my fond lips to thine,
And given back with murmur'd sigh to mine!

Bethink thee of those hours of wooing,—
Of words that seem'd the breath of truth,—
The Eden thou hast made a ruin,—
My wither'd hopes and blighted youth!
It wonders me that thou shouldst be
So calm and free, nor dread the rage that burns
Within the heart where love to malice turns.

Away—away—accurs'd deceiver!
With tears delude the eyes and brain
Of him, the fond—the weak believer—
Who follows now thy fickle train.
That senseless hind (to whom thou'rt kind
Not for his mind, but for his treasured ore)
Disturbs me not—farewell! we meet no more.

Al waert dat mijn, de Godt Jupijn.
Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 56.

If all were mine that Jove divine
Or other gods could proffer,
Of pomp or show, or dazzling glow,
I would not take their offer,

If I must thee surrender,
In payment for their splendour.
No! I would seek the gods, and say,
'Tis dearer far on earth to stray,
With heart and soul by anguish riven,
And bow'd by poverty and care,
Than seek at once your promised heaven,
And dwell without my loved-one there.

Should they display unbounded sway
O'er all these kingly regions,
And give to me dominion free
O'er lands and mighty legions;
My heart the gift would treasure,
To rule them all at pleasure,
Not for riches, nor for land,
Not for station, nor command,
Nor for sceptres, crowns, nor power,
Nor for all the world is worth,—
But that I on thee might shower
Every gift from heaven or earth.

I would decree that all should be
Observant to revere thee,
With bended knee, submissively,
Though princes—kings—stood near thee.

Courts should their glories lend thee,
And empresses attend thee,
And queens upon thy steps should wait,
And pay their tribute to thy state
In low and humble duty;
And place thee on a royal seat,
Deck'd, as well becomes thy beauty,
With splendour and adornment meet.

An ivory throne should be thine own,
With ornaments the rarest;
A cloth of red thy floor o'erspread,
To kiss thy footsteps, fairest!
And sweetest flowers be wreathing,
And round thee fondly breathing;
And by thy influence I would prove
How I esteem thy virtues, love!
How thy truth and goodness sway'd me,
More than all my store of gold,
More than thousands that obey'd me,
More than the giant world could hold.

But these I know thou canst forgo,
For pride has never found thee,
And I possess more wealthiness
Than all the courtiers round me.

If riches *they* inherit,
I have them too—in spirit:
And thou dost know as well as I,
That truer greatness deigns to lie
'Neath a garment worn and tatter'd,
Than e'er adorn'd a narrow mind;
And that treasures oft are scatter'd
For the basest of our kind.

Adieu schoonheden preuts vol sachte tooveryen.
Groote Bron der Minnen, p. 47.

Adieu! thou proud but lovely one, whose all-surpassing charms
Allured me on to hope for rest and bliss within thine arms;
No feign'd, no fickle love is mine—by dying thou shalt see
I rather bear the shock of death than parting's misery.

Adieu! the heavenly lineaments that cause my swift decay;
My tears have gush'd, my tears have flow'd, to wash love's stain away;

The ungrateful drops desert me now; but sorrow will
not fly:
Yet, since thou wishest death to me, 'twill be a joy
to die.

Adieu! thou fragrant blushing mouth, within whose
ruby cell
Two rows of fair inhabitants in pearly whiteness dwell,
Whence issue notes of blissfulness, whilst mine are of
despair,—
Which makes me feel this last farewell more hard than
death to bear.

Adieu! the fairy hands, that bound with bonds which
could not sever,
My hands and heart, and life and soul, and speech
and thought for ever:
For these I gave to slavery's chains, when I was blest
and free,
And thus I yield, with this adieu, my life itself to thee.

Adieu! the soft bewitching voice, that feelingly imparts
A joyous sense of ecstasy to cold and joyless hearts.
Ah! how could passion fond as mine so unrelenting
prove,
That I should rather sigh for death than part with her
I love?

Adieu! the graceful ivory neck, more fair than winter's snow;
Since I must perish in my youth, some pity yet bestow,
And sepulchre beneath thy breast the heart so keenly tried,
Then thou wilt know how tranquilly—how blissfully I died.

Al ben ic schoō Liefje niet machtig rijck.
Boertigh Liedt-Boeck, p. 108.

Though treasures unbounded are not my share
I still am as rich as others are;
I care not for gold,
I care not for gold,
The mind may the choicest of treasures hold.

I leave to the miser his joyless hoards,
To Ambition the bliss that command affords,
And ask not, my fair!
And ask not, my fair!
King's sceptre, or robes, or crown to bear.

For peace and the noblest enjoyments dwell
In the breast which contentment has made its cell,
And not in vain wealth,
And not in vain wealth,
Which cheats its master of rest by stealth.

And therefore my dearest pleasure I find,
Sweet girl! in the charms of thy lovely mind,
And thy matchless soul,
And thy matchless soul,
Which bends the world to its bright control.

EPIGRAM.

Wist een dwaes, dat hij waer zot.

Could fools but feel their want of sense,
And strive to earn intelligence,
They would be wiser for their pains;
But 'tis the bane of folly ever
To think itself supremely clever,—
And thus the fool a fool remains.

DANIEL HEINS.

BORN 1580—DIED 1655

46611

Hij dringt zijn tonen vloot, bij elk geslacht herhoren,
Tot ieder volk, tot elken tijd.

TOLLENS.

DANIEL HEINS.

DANIEL HEINSIUS was born at Ghent about the year 1580. He studied at Middelburg, Franeker, and Leyden, in which last place he afterwards was chosen professor. He became also historian to the king of Sweden, received from the Venetians the order of St. Mark, and was secretary to the Synod at Dordt. He is justly celebrated both for his Dutch and Latin poetry.

His Ode *De Contemptu Mortis* has an European reputation, and his "Song to Bacchus," written in the spirit and the style of the hymns of ancient poetry, is a purely classical production. There is more of elegance, however, than of energy in his writings. In Scriverius' collection of Dutch *Poemata* is a Hymn to Jesus Christ which merits distinction.

Aldaar de Hemel streckt en daer de Wolcken drijven.

WHERE'ER the free clouds rove, or heaven extends,
Our dwellings shall be blest,—while on our friends

No slavery-fetters hang,—that land 's our own
Where freedom reigns and fetters are unknown.
The bird may cleave with joyous wing the air,
The steed o'er moor and plain his rider bear,
The mule beneath his charge may patient be ;
But man was born,—was born for liberty.

KASPER VAN BAERLE.

BORN 1584—DIED 1648.

Een Geleerde, die, door smaak en liefde tot Zanggodinnen gedreven, lust tot de letteren overal verspreidde, en, mijns oordeels, niet minder nut gedaan heeft, dan zijn meer diepgeleerde ambtgenoot Vossius.

Jeronimo de Vries.

KASPER VAN BAERLE.

KASPER VAN BAERLE (better known by the name of GASPARDUS BARLÆUS), although not so deeply-learned as HEINSIUS, contributed greatly to aid the progress of literature in Holland. He possessed, too, amiable feelings, nobleness of character, and a highly-cultivated mind. Like HEINSIUS, he devoted himself more to the composition of Latin than of Dutch poetry; but in the latter he was by no means unsuccessful. In a company of friends, where TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER surprised them with a curiously-wreathed festoon of harvest flowers, he thanked her with the following

IMPROMPTU.

Geluckige Sale, daer 't Weentjen in spoockt.

BLEST chamber, fair haunt of the soul-winning
Where cares never enter nor sorrows invade!
Oh! who o'er thy circle such magic has flung,
And makes thee so fragrant, and lovely, and young?
Has Flora descended from Juno's gay court?
Does Pales—does Ceres too, hither resort?
Did Hebe this bright summer garland enwreathe—
This garland, whose blossoms such fragrancy breathe?

Has Pomona here blended, with exquisite power,
The green of the leaf and the red of the flower?
No! they were nor by gods nor by goddesses found;
Who meet in a circle and whisper around,
"We must cherish the growth of a garland, entwin'd
By one who sways envy itself with her mind."
"I see," exclaim'd Ceres, "my stalk and my corn;"
"I hear," said Pomona, "my leaves gently mourn;"
"I scent," echoed Flora, "the flower I love best,
That draws from the east the bright sun to the west."
"I feel," cried Juventa, "my apples are round;"
"I taste," exclaim'd Pales, "my plums are all sound;"
"It is Tessela's wreath," says the poet—"'tis her's,
Who on age, youth and greenness and beauty confers."

Fair Tessela! thee may the gods cherish still,
Who all the five senses canst charm at thy will.

BARLÆUS has the following curious passage on the language of Holland:

"What then do we Netherlanders speak? Words from a foreign tongue: we are but a collected crowd, of feline origin, driven by a strange fatality to these mouths of the Rhine. Why, since the mighty descendants of Romulus here pitched their tents, choose we not rather the holy language of the Romans?"

HUIG DE GROOT.

BORN 1583—DIED 1645.

O Delf benij geen Maas den grooten Rotterdammer,
Dr. Groot is ruim zoo groot. Dees poogde Hollands jammer;
Te stuiten door zijn raadt: maar tweedragts oor bleef doof.
Men scheurde veel te licht om liefdeloos geloof.
Indien zijn Fenixgeest verdeelt waar onder zeven,
't Vereenigt Nederlandt waar onverdeelt gebleven.

G. Brandt.

HUIG DE GROOT.

Huig de Groot (commonly known by the name of Hugo Grotius) was born at Delft on the 10th of April, 1583. When he was only fifteen years old, Henry the Fourth called him the wonder of Holland: at eighteen he obtained, as a Latin poet, a distinguished reputation. Of his classical attainments and general knowledge we need scarcely speak; they are every where felt and allowed. His very name calls up all that the imagination can conceive of greatness and true fame. His most elaborate poem in the Dutch language *Bewijs van den waeren Godtsdienst* (Evidence of the true Religion) was written during his confinement at Loevestijn, in the year 1611. He laid the groundwork of that attention to religious duties which is so universal in Holland. The authority of his great name always associated with Christianity—with peace—with literature—with freedom and suffering and virtue—has ever been a bulwark of truth and morals. Holland is at this moment disturbed by a renewal of the controversy in which Grotius and Barneveldt took the leading part; and it would seem as if the better cause had the weaker advocates. The modest epitaph which Grotius wrote for himself covers his remains at Delft:

GROTIUS hic HUGO est, Batavum captivus et exul,
Legatus regni, Suecia magna, tui.

His poetical works in his native language seem hardly worthy of his astonishing reputation. His son PIETER DE GROOT was a more successful Dutch poet than his illustrious father. A single specimen may be allowed to intrude, if it were only that it is the production of HUGO GROTIUS. It is the Dedication of the religious poem which we have mentioned.

Neemt niet onwaerdig aen dit werkstuk mijner handen.

RECEIVE not with disdain this product from my hand,
O mart of all the world! O flower of Netherland!
Fair Holland! Let this live, tho' I may not, with thee;
My bosom's queen! I show e'en now how fervently
I've loved thee through all change—thy good and evil days—
And love, and still will love, till life itself decays.
If here be aught on which thou mayst a thought bestow,
Thank Him without whose aid no good from man can flow.
If errors meet thy view, remember kindly then
What gathering clouds obscure the feeble eyes of men;
And rather spare than blame this humble work of mine,
And think "Alas! 'twas made—'twas made at Louvesteijn."[1]

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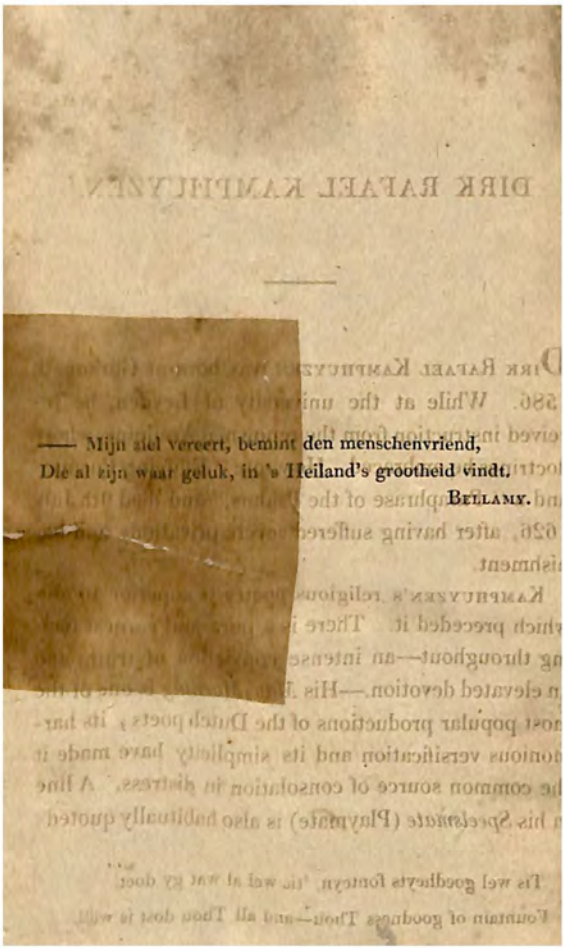
[1] Louvesteijn was the place of confinement whence his wife liberated him.

DIRK RAFAEL KAMPHUYZEN.

BORN 1586—DIED 1626.



—— Mijn ziel vereert, bemint den menschenvriend,
Die al zijn waar geluk, in 's Heiland's grootheid vindt.

Bellamy.

DIRK RAFAEL KAMPHUYZEN.

DIRK RAFAEL KAMPHUYZEN was born at Gorkum in 1586. While at the university of Leyden, he received instruction from the renowned Arminius, whose doctrines he embraced. He wrote "Edifying Poems," and a "Paraphrase of the Psalms," and died 9th July 1626, after having suffered severe privations and banishment.

KAMPHUYZEN'S religious poetry is superior to any which preceded it. There is a pure and earnest feeling throughout—an intense conviction of truth, and an elevated devotion.—His *May-Morning* is one of the most popular productions of the Dutch poets; its harmonious versification and its simplicity have made it the common source of consolation in distress. A line in his *Speelsmate* (Playmate) is also habitually quoted:

'Tis wel goedheyts fonteyn, 'tis wel al wat gy doet.
Fountain of goodness Thou—and all Thou dost is well.

Gy die uyt 's werelds droom ontwaakt.

Ye who from worldly dreams awake,
And that bright path of glory take,
Which leads, O God! to light and Thee,
By patience and true piety;
And to th' inheritance which is
Eternity of life and bliss:
Ye fainting souls, who onward tend,
And strive—but not unto the end,

Accept this verse, and deign to scan
The precepts of your fellow-man;—
Precepts whose influence well might sway
Your every act in Virtue's way,
And help through life's irriguous course
Those precepts of sublimer force,
Deduced from God's unerring word,
That oft, yet ne'er too oft, is heard.

What spur requires the willing steed?
The docile no incitement need:
The purest is the mightiest fire,
And flames, when stirr'd, to heaven aspire.
The counsel 's good that warns from ill:
If good it plant—'tis better still.
Great though the soul's endowments be,
The soul knows no satiety.

A knowledge of God's holy Son
Has taught you worldly thoughts to shun:
The sin, to which your hearts were tied,
And, by a stubborn will, allied,
Your souls reject with grief and shame—
Yes! shudder at the very name;
And see its baneful venom stain
Your fellow-men—with silent pain.

Ye Folly's heavy chain have broke,
And wear Religion's milder yoke;
And ye have left the giddy way,
Where ye were idly wont to stray;
[illegible]d now no longer seek to ken
[illegible]e blinded path of blinded men;
[illegible]t seize with willing hand the plough:
[illegible]is much—yet not enough I trow.

'Tis not enough in life's steep track,
Where halting is but going back;
Where virtue still must virtue lead,
And quickly stop unless it speed:
Where soul and body must be clean
Of every stain and every sin:
So virtuous zeal shall claim renown,
While perseverance wins the crown.

The stubborn will must be subdued,
Lest it should lead us far from good:
Self-love engenders tardiness,
And courage flies from keen distress:
Dejection makes us tardier still,
And thus (for ill 's the step to ill)
The dreamer still dreams on—and all
Who stumble on their journey, fall.

We slide from good to ill at first,
From ill to worse—from worse to worst:
So good to good will lead the way—
One virtue is another's stay:
Politeness flows from nurtured sense
From active deeds—experience;
Experience virtuous firmness lends,
And virtuous firmness bliss attends.

This bliss a nearer taste can give
Of pleasures that for ever live;
The nearer taste, a stronger flight
Towards a life of endless light;
The stronger flight, a nobler deed,
A new attempt, increasing speed,
And (spite of evil-fortune's blast)
A brave endurance to the last.

Here many a lesson is convey'd,
That, being for the godless made,
Ne'er touches those to good inclin'd,
Yet still may fix the virtuous mind:
All that renown to truth imparts
Is changeless joy to pious hearts;
And whatsoever truth displays,
Contributes to its fame and praise.

MAY-MORNING.

Wat is de Meeste ... is en goed.

What love, what wisdom God displays
On earth and sea and sky,
Where all that fades and all that stays
Proclaim his majesty!

O'er the world—by day, by night—
Still watches and still wakes;
And, kindly varying each delight,
The sweet yet sweeter makes.

Now barren Winter flies the globe,
And Spring resumes her reign;
And Earth casts down her gloomy robe,
And Joy laughs out again.

And Nature wears her fairer dress
Where Winter lately frown'd,
While the Creator's loveliness
Bursts through the clouds around.

'Tis May! whose fragrant breath and dyes
So far o'er earth are gone,
That memory all her charms supplies,
Ere she herself comes on.

'Tis May! that loveliest of the year,
Who with fresh beauty glows;
The air is sweet, the sun beams clear,
The wished-for zephyr blows.

At peaceful night the gentle dew
Descends on field and wood,
While nature smiles serenely through
In silent gratitude.

The earth with varied flowers is dight,
The bees with honey pass,
The larks chirp gaily and alight
Upon the new-born grass.

The bud its infant blossom yields,
The tree its leaves displays,
While on the crimson clover fields
The tranquil cattle graze.

The busy insect tribes are blest,
And murmuring thoughts are still,
Save man's—whose bosom knows no rest—
A slave to stubborn will.

Yes! man,—in whom few virtues glow,
On guilty pleasures bent,
To others and himself a foe,—
Destroys his own content.

To life—vain life, which quickly ends,
As Autumn's withering leaf,
And of itself to sorrow tends,
He adds ideal grief.

The ox is slaughter'd—slight the thrills
That wait his parting breath;
But man, by self-inflicted ills,
Dies many times ere death.

Oh! blest would be through every stage
Man's fleeting life on earth,
Were he, when stain'd with vice, more sage—
Had he, when sage, more worth.

Ah! were the human race but wise,
And would they reason well,
That earth would be a paradise—
Which folly makes a hell.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Heeft yemand lust sijn oogen te vermeyden.

If there be one whose thoughts delight to wander
In pleasure's fields, where love's bright streams meander;
If there be one who longs to find
Where all the purer blisses are enshrin'd,—
A happy resting-place of virtuous worth,—
A blessed Paradise on earth,—

Let him survey the joy-conferring union
Of brothers who are bound in fond communion,
And not by force of blood alone,
But by their mutual sympathies are known,
And every heart and every mind relies
Upon fraternal kindred ties.

Oh! blest abode, where love is ever vernal,
Where tranquil peace and concord are eternal,
Where none usurp the highest claim,
But each with pride asserts the other's fame;
Oh! what are all earth's joys compared to thee—
Fraternal unanimity?

E'en as the ointment whose sweet odours blended
From Aaron's head upon his beard descended;
Which hung awhile in fragrance there,
Bedewing every individual hair,
And falling thence, with rich perfume ran o'er
The holy garb the prophet wore:

So doth the unity that lives with brothers
Share its best blessings and its joys with others,
And makes them seem as if one frame
Contain'd their minds, and they were form'd the same,
And spreads its sweetest breath o'er every part,
Until it penetrates the heart.

E'en as the dew, that at the break of morning
All nature with its beauty is adorning,
And flows from Hermon calm and still,
And bathes the tender grass on Zion's hill,
And to the young and withering herb resigns
The drops for which it pines:

So are fraternal peace and concord ever
The cherishers, without whose guidance never
Would sainted quiet seek the breast—
The life, the soul of unmolested rest;
The antidote to sorrow and distress,
And prop of human happiness.

Ah! happy they whom genial concord blesses:
Pleasure for them reserves her fond caresses,
And joys to mark the fabric rare,
On virtue founded, stand unshaken there;
Whence vanish all the passions that destroy
Tranquillity and inward joy.

Who practise good are in themselves rewarded,
For their own deeds lie in their hearts recorded;
And thus fraternal love, when bound
By virtue, is with its own blisses crown'd,
And tastes in sweetness that itself bestows,
What use, what power from concord flows.

God in his boundless mercy joys to meet it;
His promises of future blessings greet it,
And fixt prosperity, which brings
Long life, and ease, beneath its shadowing wings,
And joy and fortune—that remain sublime
Beyond all distance, change, and time.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

BORN 1587—DIED 1679.

Vondeli! Bataviæ decus et laus prima camœnæ!
Fontis inexhaustum flumen Appollinei.

BARLÆUS.

Ja, hier, hier worde uw roem verheven
Bataafsche Maro en Pindaar!
Hier, waar door 't edelst vuur gedreven
Een vaderlandsche dichtrenschaar
Hunne offers voor Apol doet branden
Zijn tempel, met vereende handen
Bij Batoos neven grootscher sticht;
Daar aller glans bij uwen luister
O Neêrlands zon! verzinkt in 't duister
Gelijk de maan bij Febus licht.

SIEGENBEEK.

Zie VONDEL, de eer van Neêrlands streken
Verheven, edel, grootsch en stout,
Op de oever van zijn graf, hier smeken
Met ongedekten hoofd om 't sober onderhoud.

ANON.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL was born at Keulen in 1587, but was removed in infancy to Amsterdam by his parents. At the early age of 13 he is said to have been flatteringly noticed by HOOFT. His education, however, was much neglected, as he did not commence a course of study until he was more than twenty-six years of age: but his perseverance and inexhaustible application surmounted every difficulty; and by associating with such men as VOSSIUS and BARLÆUS, HOOFT and GROTIUS, he improved himself not only in the manner of expressing his thoughts, but even in the action of thinking. He acquired a very extensive general knowledge, and as a poet has never been rivalled in Holland. His Tragedies are, perhaps, the grandest specimens of Dutch literature. His Satires are indicative of the period in which he lived—full of force and energy and spirit, without that delicacy of expression which the refinement of the present day exacts. His Epigrams have a similar character. His "*Lucifer*" is the most splendid and inspired poem in the language, and has often been compared with our Milton's *Paradise Lost*.[1]

[1] See an interesting paper in Siegenbeek's *Museum*, entitled "*Vergelijking van Vondel en Milton.*"

Vondel's character was deeply imbued with religious enthusiasm. From the Bible he took almost all the subjects of his tragedies: yet his mind had little fixedness of principle. He wrote eagerly in favour of Arminianism; and afterwards, like many a continental poet, embraced Catholicism, and became the zealous advocate of the papal usurpation. His sincerity cannot be suspected; nor let it be forgotten that the gorgeous machinery of the church of Rome has something wherewith to awe and much wherewith to attract the imagination of the enthusiast.

CHORUS.

Waer wert oprechter trou.

(From the *Gysbrecht van Aemstel.*)

What sweeter brighter bliss
Can charm a world like this,
Than sympathy's communion;
Two spirits mingling in their purest glow,
And bound in firmest union
In love, joy, woe!

The heart-encircling bond,
Which binds the mother fond
To the sweet child, that sleepeth
Upon the bosom whence he drinks his food—
So close around that heart his spirit creepeth—
It binds the blood.

But there 's a firmer band,
When mortals hand in hand,
Whom joy nor grief can sever,
Tread the long paths of years secure,
Led on by sacred peace and virtue ever
As nature pure.

'Tis then that love's control
Commingles soul with soul,
Spirit to spirit gathers
A love that 's stronger even than fate,—
'Tis like an effluence from the eternal Father's,
So bright—so great!

It cannot be subdued,
It is the noblest good
That nature's hand has given;
'Tis like a well-cemented wall
That boldly rears its front to heaven,
And suffers all.

If thou have seen the love
Of the fond turtle dove,
On the dry branch bewailing
Her absent mate in mournful song,
Pouring her sorrow unavailing
Her whole life long:—

So Aemstel's fair—She stood
And melted like a flood
To tears;—her race was scatter'd,
Her subjects and her city razed,
And all in blood and darkness shatter'd,
E'en while she gazed.

O God! disperse the gloom,
Lead her tired spirit home
From this dark path of sadness;
For hope and peace stretch out their hands,
And bid her look in joy and gladness
Where Aemstel stands.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Wie is het, die soo hoogh gezeten.

(From *Lucifer.*)

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity, or time,
Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on Himself alone depends—
Immortal—glorious—but unseen—
And in His mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.

Of all we know not—all we know—
Prime source and origin—a sea,
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power—love—wisdom, first exalted
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch—yon palace, vaulted—
Yon heaven of heavens—to smile on earth.
From His resplendent majesty
We shade us 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim;
O name—describe the Lord of lords,
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him;—
Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
Of light, creation's fountain-head:
Forgive the praise—too mean and low—
Or from the living or the dead.

No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,
No space can hold that awful name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same!

Language is dumb—Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
And thou, O God! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell!
Who knows Thee—Thee the All-unknown?
Can angels be thy oracle,
Who art—who art Thyself alone?
None—none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendour and the source of time—
The Eternal of eternity.
Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays;—
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us—but meets Thee never:
Thy power is life's support and stay—
We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord! for ever.
Holy—holy—holy! Praise—
Praise be His in every land;
Safety in His presence stays—
Sacred is His high command!

ADAM AND EVE'S ALTERNATE HYMN.

(From the Tragedy of *Adam in Banishment.*)

Daer rijst het alverquickend licht.

ADAM.

The all-quickening light is rolling there,
Which bids the shadowy forms emerge
From yon horizon's furthest verge,
And flit across earth's bosom fair:
The song of birds salutes the day—
A song whose chorus soars to Him
Who pours on all his blessing's beam,
And wakes the universal lay.
Come, let us join that choral song;
Come, let our voices blend with theirs;
And as their praises float along
We'll pour the incense of our prayers.
I'll lead the grateful hymn, my love!
And thou a sweeter strain shalt bring;
How shall we celebrate—how sing
The Spirit blest that reigns above!

EVE.

Yes! Let us sing of God—the spring,
The source of all we feel and see;
What theme can be so blest as He—
Director—life-sustainer—king!

Lift, lift, my love! thy thoughts on high;
I'll follow their sublimest flight,
And hill and wood and valley bright
Shall to the joyous hymn reply.

ADAM.

O Father! we approach Thy throne,
Who bidd'st the glorious sun arise:
All-good, Almighty, and All-wise!
Great source of all things—God alone!
We see Thee, brighter than the rays
Of the bright sun: we see Thee shine,
As in a fountain's face—divine;
We see Thee—endless fount of days:
We see Thee, who our frames hast brought,
With one swift word, from senseless clay—
Waked—with one glance of heavenly ray,
Our never-dying souls from nought.
Those souls Thou lightedst with the spark
Of Thy pure fire—and gracious still—
Gav'st immortality—free will,
And language—not involved, nor dark.

EVE.

God—God be praised! who form'd us thus,
He was, and is, and shall endure:
Pure—He shall make all nature pure,
And fix his dwelling here with us.

What sweeter thought—what stronger token
Than that his everlasting hand
Body and soul in holy band
Hath bound—that never shall be broken!

ADAM.

'Tis He whose kind and generous care
This lovely garden's range hath planted,
Where nought that charms desire is wanted,
And joy 's a guest immortal here.
The fount of life—whence waters living
O'erspreading all the garden flow—
Bright flowers upon their borders grow,
While to the trees life's food they're giving.
Here blooms the life-imparting tree,
Whose fruit, just hid in silvery leaves,
Makes man a spirit, and retrieves
His weakness and satiety.
The dews—from morning's vault that fall,
Are honeyed manna on our tongue:
Shall not his hallow'd praise be sung,
Whom nature sings—the Source of all?

EVE.

O blest be He who blessings pours!
Who fills the heart with tenderness,
And with his richest gifts will bless—
He wondrous—whom our tongue adores.

A full, o'erflowing horn of good
Upon our Eden he has shower'd,
And peace and hope and joy embower'd
In its sweet silent solitude.

ADAM.

Yes! now I feel the charm divine,
Yes! now I feel the bliss, the pride,
To press thee, dearest! to my side,
And join my early vows to thine.
A unity—in love cemented,
Blest by thy presence—and by thee
Gilded with smiles and purity,
May make my exiled soul contented.
O sister—daughter—fairest bride,
What shall I call thee?—Paradise
Has million flowers that smiling rise
To kiss thy feet well satisfied.

EVE.

Love! one shall be our will, and one
Our fate, from the first dawn of day,
When the bright sun begins his way,
To when his weary course is done.
Peace, tenderness, and joy—a shrine
Sacred to cheerful love—and praise
To Him, the Lord of ceaseless days,
Who blended thy fond heart with mine.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

't Gekruist gedult vint nergens steê.

Poor Patience finds no rest, save where
Wild ocean to the storm lies bare:
She sits, with chattering teeth, alone—
Half-naked, on a cold rough stone,
O'er which the angry waters spring;
While tempest-clouds their mantles fling
O'er the faint stars, and leave no ray
Of sparkling light to cheer her way.
Or if a transient beam is brightening,
'Tis but the blasting fire of lightning,
When from the dark dense clouds the flash
Heralds the thunder's horrid crash.
Around her, from the troubled sand,
There bursts a monstrous flare-eyed band,
That hang upon the shaken cliff,
Like ghosts—but see a nearing skiff
Speed o'er the surge—Hope smiles again—
Her course is changed—that hope was vain.
Yet bore she seeming friends—even there;
Ah! cold unloving hearts they were:
One pitying cry was heard—"Lay to!"
Till startled at the threatening view
Of death, they shout—"Hold off!" nor brave
The dread memento of the grave!

And what is left? for torturing grief
What stay—what solace—what relief?
A taintless conscience—sole estate
The spirit owns when desolate.
A treasure suffering virtue bears,
Which gilds with smiles her deepest tears;
And, though no comfort hails her—none—
Still meekly says—"God's will be done!"

TO GEERAERT VOSSIUS,

ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON.

Wat treurtge, hooghgeleerde Vos.

Why mourn'st thou, Vossius! why has pain
Its furrows to thy pale brow given?
Seek not to hold thy son from heaven!
'Tis heaven that draws—resign him then.

Yes! banish every futile tear,
And offer to its Source above,
In gratitude and humble love,
The choicest of thy treasures here.

We murmur if the bark should strand;
But not when, richly laden, she
Comes from the wild and raging sea,
Within a haven safe to land.

We murmur if the balm be shed;
Yes! murmur for the odour's sake:
But not whene'er the glass may break,
If that which fill'd it be not fled.

He strives in vain who seeks to stay
The bounding waters in their course,
When hurl'd from rocks with giant force,
Towards some calm and spacious bay.

Thus turns the earthly globe;—though o'er
His infant's corse a father mourn,
Or child bedew its parents' urn,—
Death passes neither house nor door.

Death, nor for gay and blooming youth
Nor peevish age, his stroke defers;
He chains the lips of orators,
Nor cares for wisdom, worth, or truth.

Blest is the mind that, fix'd and free,
To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
And wards, as with a pliant shield,
The arrows of adversity.

CHORUS.

(From *Gysbrecht van Aemstel.*)

O Kersnacht, schooner dan de dagen.

O Night! far lovelier than the day!
How can Herodes bear the ray,
Whose consecrated, hallow'd glows
Rich splendour o'er this darkness spread?
To reason's call his pride is dead;
Her voice his heart no longer knows.

By slaughter of the guiltless, he
Would raise up guilt and tyranny.
He bids a loud lament awake
In Bethlehem and o'er the plain,
And Rachel's spirit rise again,
To haunt the desolate field and brake.

Now wandering east, now wandering west,
For her, lone mother, where is rest,
Now that her children are no more?
Now that she sees them blood-stain'd lie,
Even at their births condemn'd to die,
And swords unnumber'd red with gore!

She sees the milk, no nurture bringing,
Unto their lifeless pale lips clinging,

Torn from their mother's breast but late;
She marks the stagnant tears reclining,
Like dew, upon their cold cheeks shining—
Poor victims of a ruthless fate.

The brows now pallid, dimm'd and fading,
Those closed and joyless eyes are shading,
Whose rays pure lustre once had given,
Like stars; and with their playful light,
Ere cover'd with death's cloud of night,
Transform'd the visage to a heaven.

Vain are description's feeble powers
To number all the infant flowers,
Which faded—died—when scarcely born,
Before their opening leaves could greet
The wooing air with fragrance sweet,
Or drink the earliest dew of morn!

So falls the corn beneath the sickle,
So shake the leaves, when tempests fickle
Awake the mountain's voice from thrall:
What can result from blind Ambition,
When raging with some dark suspicion!—
What bard so vile to mourn its fall!

Then, Rachel, haunt not spots once cherish'd;
Thy children even as martyrs perish'd:
Those first-loved fruits that sprang from thee,
From which thy heart was doom'd to sever,
In praise of God, shall bloom for ever,
Unhurt—untouch'd by tyranny.

CHORUS.

(From *Palamedes.*)

Het dun gezaeit gestarnt verschiet.

The thinly-sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendour;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's[1] charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.

[1] Ursa major.

O sweetly-welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily—
Contentedly—unwearily—
Surveys whatever nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives,
And wanders oft the banks along
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
Oh! more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest secluded spot,
Remote from crowded cares and fears,
His loved—his cherish'd dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dews, which zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend;
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun or shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net;

To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take;
Or, rising ere the sun 's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;
Or ride beneath the noon-tide rays
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth:
Or where the purple hyacinth
Is glowing on its bed; or where
The meads red-speckled daisies bear.
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn:
There glides a bark by meadows green,
And there the village smoke is seen:
And there a castle meets the view,
Half-fading in the distance blue.
How hard, how wretched is his doom
Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,
And whom, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain and troubles grieve,

ROYAL

And cares oppress;—for these await
The slave, who in a restless state
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object—liberty.
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude:—
The robe is honouring, I confess,
The cushion has its stateliness;—
But, oh! they are a burthen too!
And pains spring up, for ever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is—who shall reign.
But he who lives in rural ease
Avoids the cares that torture these:
No golden chalices invite
To quaff the deadly aconite;
Nor dreads he secret foes, who lurk
Behind the throne with coward dirk—
Assassin-friends—whose murderous blow
Lays all the pride of greatness low.
No fears his even life annoy,
Nor feels he pride, nor finds he joy
In popularity—that brings
A fickle pleasure, and then—stings.
He is not roused at night from bed,
With weary eyes and giddy head;

At morn no long petitions vex him,
Nor scrutinizing looks perplex him:
He has no joy in others' cares;
He bears—and while he bears, *forbears*;
And from the world he oft retreats
Where learning's gentle smiles he meets:
He heeds not priestcraft's ban or praise,
But scorns the deep anathemas
Which he, who in his blindness errs,
Receives from these—*God's messengers!*
Near rocks where danger ever lies,
Through storms of evil auguries
Proceeding from calumnious throats,
The exhausted Palamedes floats:
And shipwreck'd he must be at last,
If Neptune do not kindly cast
Protection round him, and appease
With trident-sway these foaming seas.

CHORUS OF BATAVIAN WOMEN.

(From the *Batavian Brothers.*)

Geluckigh leefden wij.

STROPHE.

Ours was a happy lot,
Ere foreign tyrants brought
The servile iron yoke, which bound
Our necks with humbling slavery to the ground.
Once all was confidence and peace;—the just
Might to his neighbour trust:
The common plough turn'd up the common land,
And nature scatter'd joy with liberal hand.
The humble cot of clay
Kept the thick shower, the wind, and hail away:
Upon the frugal board
No luxuries were stored;
But 'neath a forest tree the table stood—
A simple plank—unpolished and rude:
Our feasts—the wild game of the wood,
And curds and cheese our daily food.
Man, in his early virtues blest,
Slept satisfied on woman's breast,
Who, modest and confiding, saw
In him her lord, and love, and law.

Then was the stranger and the neighbour, each,
Welcomed with cordial thoughts and honest speech;
And days flow'd cheerful on, as days should flow—
Unmoved by distant or domestic woe.

ANTISTROPHE.

Then was no value set on silver things,
Nor golden stores, nor coin, nor dazzling rings;
They barter'd what they had, for what they wanted,
And sought no foreign shores,—but planted
Their own low dwellings in their mother land;
Raised all by their own hand,
And furnisht with whatever man requires
For his moderate desires.
They had no proud adornings—were not gilt
Nor sculptured—nor in crowded cities built;
But in wide scatter'd villages they spread
Where stand no friendly lamps above the head:—
Rough and undeckt the simple cot,
With the rich show of pomp encumber'd not.
As when in decorated piles are seen
The bright fruits peeping through the foliage green;
Bark of the trees and hides of cattle cover
The lowly hut when storms rage fiercely over;
Man had not learnt the use of stone—
Tiles and cement were all unknown—

Some place of shelter dug—dark—dreary—far,
For the dread hour of danger or of war,—
When the stray-pirate broke on the serene
And cheerful quiet of that early scene.

STROPHE.

No usurer, then, with avarice' burning thirst,
His fellow men had curst;
The coarse-wove flax, the unwrought fleece alone,
On the half-naked sturdy limbs were thrown:
The daughters married late
To a laborious fate;
And to their husbands bore a healthy race,
To take their fathers' place.
If e'er dispute or discord dared intrude,
'Twas soon, by wisdom's voice, subdued;
The wisest then was called to reign,
The bravest did the victory gain:
The proud were made to feel
They must submit them to the general weal;
For to the proud and high a given way
Was mark'd, that thence they might not stray;—
And thus was freedom kept alive.
Rulers were taught to strive
For subjects' happiness—and subjects brought
The cheerful tribute of obedient thought;

And 'twas indeed a glorious sight,
To see them wave their weapons bright:
No venal bands, the murderous hordes of fame;
But freedom's sons—all armed in freedom's name.

ANTISTROPHE.

No judge out-dealing justice in his hate,
Nor in his favour—Wisdom's train sedate
Of books, and proud philosophy,
And stately speech, could never needed be,
While they for virtue's counsellings might look
On Nature's open book,
Where bright and free the Godhead's glory falls;—
Not on the imprisoning walls
Of temples—for their temple was the wood—
The heavens its arch—its aisles were solitude.
And then they sang the praise
Of heroes, and the seers of older days:
They never dared to pry
Into the mysteries of the Deity;
They never weigh'd His schemes, nor judged His will—
But saw his works, and loved and praised Him still;
Obey'd in awe—kept pure their hearts within,
For this they knew—God hates and scourges sin:
Some dreams of future bliss were theirs,
To gild their joys and chase their cares;

And thus they dwelt, and thus they died,
With guardian-freedom at their side,
The happy tenants of a happy soil—
Till came the cruel stranger to despoil.

EPODE.

But, oh! that blessed time is past;
The strangers now possess our land;
Batavia is subdued at last—
Batavia fetter'd, ruin'd, bann'd!
Yes! honour, truth have taken flight
To seats sublimer, thrones more pure.
Look, Julius! from thy throne of light,
See what thy Holland's sons endure;
Thy children still are proud to claim
Their Roman blood, their source from thee;
Friends, brothers, comrades bear the name—
Desert them not in misery!
Terror and power and cruel wrong
Have a free people's bliss undone;
Too harsh their sway—their rule too long.
Arouse thee from thy cloudy throne;
And if thou hate disgrace and crime,
Recall, recall departed time.

Konstantijntje 't zaligh Kijntje.

Infant fairest—beauty rarest—
Who repairest from above;
Whose sweet smiling, woe-beguiling,
Lights us with a heavenly love.
Mother! mourn not—I return not—
Wherefore learn not to be blest?
Heaven's my home now, where I roam now—
I an angel, and at rest.
Why distress thee? Still I'll bless thee—
Still caress thee, though I'm fled;
Cheer life's dullness—pour heaven's fullness
Of bright glory on thy head.
Leave behind thee thoughts that bind thee—
Dreams that blind thee in their glare:
Look before thee, round thee, o'er thee—
Heaven invites thee—I am there!

CONSTANTIJN HUIJGENS.

BORN 1596—DIED 1687.

Gestoffeerde Galerijen
Vol van kunst en wetenschap.

* * * * *

Bloemhof mild van geur,
Rijk door zijn verscheidenheden
Van gedaante en levend kleur.

VONDEL.

CONSTANTIJN HUIJGENS.

Constantijn Huijgens, the friend of Hooft, Cats, and Vondel, secretary to three princes of Nassau in succession, knight and lord of Zuijlichem, and accountant to the Prince of Orange, was born at the Hague in 1596. He was acquainted with almost all the living as well as the dead languages, and possessed a fund of general knowledge. He has been frequently compared to Voltaire for the extent of his erudition and the shrewdness of his mind. His son was the inventor of the pendulum.

Huijgens sometimes condescended to petty conceits.—He had Petrarch's authority:

Rotta è l' alta Colonna e 'l verde Lauro.

So Huijgens, whose wife was called Sterre (Star).

My Star is clad in gloom,
And a white cloud hangs damply on her cheeks.

A KING.

Hij is een' menigte besloten in een' kroon.

He 's a crown'd multitude—his doom is hard;
Servant to each, a slave without reward:
The state's tall roof on which the tempests fall;
The reckoning book that bears the debts of all:
He borrows little, yet is forced to pay
The most usurious interest day by day:
A fetter'd freeman—an imploring lord—
A ruling suppliant—a rhyming word:
A lightning-flash that breaks all bonds asunder,
And spares what yields—a cloud that speaks in thunder:
A sun in darkness and in day that smites,
A plague that on the whirlwind's storm alights:
A lesser God—a rudder to impel,
Targe for ingratitude, and flattery's bell;
In fortune praised—in sorrow shunn'd; his lot
To be adored—deserted—and forgot.
His wish a thousand hurry to fulfill;
His will is law—his law is all men's will:
His breath is choked by sweetly-sounding lies,
And seeming mirth, and cheating flatteries,
Which ever waft truth's accents from his ear;
And if perchance its music he should hear,
They break its force, and through the crooked way
Of their delusions flatter and betray.

He knows no love—its smiles are all forbidden;
He has no friend—thus virtue's charms are hidden;
All round is self—the proud no friends possess;
Life is with them but scorn and heartlessness:
He is a suitor forced by fear to wed,
And wooes the daughter, though the sire he dread,—
In this far less than even the lowest slave
That fells the tree or cleaves the rising wave.
His friends are foes when tried—Corruption flies
O'er his disorder'd country when he dies.
If long success from virtue's path entice,
They will not blend their honour with his vice,
But rather shed their tears in that swift stream
Against whose might *their* might is as a dream.
His days are not his own, for smiles and sorrow
Visit him each: the eventide, the morrow
Deny him rest—sleep's influence steals not o'er him:
Wearied he lives, and joy retreats before him.
Beneath care's sickle all his flowers decay;
His sparkling cup in dullness sinks away.
His son on tiptoe stands to seize the crown,
Which a few years of woes shall tumble down.
O gilded thistle! why should mortals crave thee,
Who art but bitter medicine when they have thee!
Or why aspire to state ne'er long possest—
By dangers ever circled, and no rest!

Maer de Vroegh-tijd is verloopen.

Swiftly is the morn-tide fleeting,
On my willing muse I'll call,
For the sun is now retreating
To his golden southern hall:
Morning's crowds are all departed
From the thickly-peopled street;
All the city's walks deserted,
Shady solitudes to greet.

But by thee I'll not be driven,
Fiercely shining lamp on high—
Measurer of our days from heaven—
Year-disposer—glorious eye;
Mist-absorber—spring-returner—
Day-prolonger—summer's mate;
Beast-annoyer—visage-burner—
Fair-one's spoiler—maiden's hate;—

Cloud-disperser—darkness-breaker—
Moon-surpriser—starlight-thief;
Torch-conductor—shadow-maker—
Rogue-discoverer—eyes' relief;
Linen-bleacher—noiseless stroller—
All-observer—gilding all;
Dust-disturber—planet-roller—
Traveller's friend, and day-break's call;—

Let thy flashes be directed
To the waste, from me aloof:
I am from their heat protected
By my sheltering linden-roof.
When thy Dog-star, first appearing,
Casts around his scorching eye,
Here, no more his anger fearing,
Him I call, and him defy.

Yes! let all the mists, exhaling
From the marshes, meet and blend;
Let them all, at once assailing,
In one giant mass descend.
Still at rest, and uncomplaining,
Nor of aught that falls afraid,
Cool in heat, and when 'tis raining
Dry beneath my linden-shade.

Oh! how often have I spoken
Of the zephyr's fragrant sigh,
(Which through playful leaves has broken,
And in murmurs glided by
For the love of summer pining,)
Doubting whether I might be
On the cool green's breast reclining,
Or a gale of greenery.

" Frigid Chloris! marble-hearted!"
(Late I heard a lover mourn,
Who with quenchless passion smarted,
Hopeless of a kind return)—
" Chloris, whom I love sincerely,
And for whom I sigh and pray,
Truth to thee was bought more dearly
Than thou ever canst repay.

" Has the fierce and weakening power
Of the exhausting summer-heat
Made thee oft-times seek the bower,
And the linden's cool retreat?
Hast thou here so soft been shaded
By the foliage which it bears,
And in peacefulness evaded
All the noontide's fretful cares,—

" Thinking never of the anguish,
Thinking never of the throes,
He must feel, whose heart must languish
'Neath a flame that always glows?
He need never fear the splendour
Of a sun in distant skies,
But he must at once surrender
To thy near and brilliant eyes:—

" To thy brilliant eyes, whose glances
Led me when a thoughtless boy;
Causes of my feverish trances,
And my terror and my joy.
Eyes! which kill your faithful lover
With your hot and poisonous ray,—
Will ye ne'er to her discover
How I waste and pine away?

" Through the crystal jet that sways me,
May my Chloris never see
That one gentle sigh might raise me
From the depths of misery:
Misery uncontrol'd—unbounded—
Only sway'd when she is near;
Depth of mystery never sounded!
Mystery she alone can clear."

Of his love (he could not quell it),
Of her coldness more he said,
But I have no time to tell it,
Caution'd by the evening's shade.
Suitors! would you learn the history
Which my muse would fain conceal,
In your bosoms read the mystery—
All its pains and pleasures feel!

Sun and flocks have homeward wended,
Wrapt in shade is every bough;
Dews and darkness have descended,
Maidens' charms are equal now.
Equal are all cheeks in flushes,
Eyes alike in beauty share;
Equal is each lip in blushes,
Every mouth is just as fair.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF AMSTERDAM,

IN THEIR NEW STADTHOUSE.

Doorluchte stichteren van 's werelts achtste wonder.

Illustrious men! who bade the world's eighth wonder rise,
Lifting its crown of stone sublimely to the skies;
Whose splendid walls are rear'd by skill's unerring hand,
To Use, the end, the source of all that 's rich and grand;
May God, who gave you power to mingle good with show,
Within that stately pile his favouring smiles bestow,
That ye to all the world may prove what men ye are;
And peace be ever there—and misery banish'd far.

But if it be ordain'd, when years have roll'd away,
That e'en these marble walls must crumble and decay;
And if it be by Heav'n, in future times, decreed,
That to your wondrous work another must succeed,—
May God, your fathers' God—may God, your children's father,
Beneath his shadowing wings those children kindly gather,
And give them an abode, when ye from earth have past,
As much excelling this, as this excels the last!

GENEROUS THANKS.

Gierige Gijs had zich over gesorghd.

Once afflicted with fancies, a miserly elf
In a moment of trouble suspended himself:
And a second or two would have ended the clown;
When his servant came in, and with speed cut him down.
But as soon as the miser could give his words scope;
He said, "Tom, I thank you; but—*pay for the rope.*"

ON PETER'S POETRY.

Schrijft Pieter altemet een veers.

When Peter condescends to write,
His verse deserves to see the *light*.
If any further you inquire,
I mean—the candle or the fire.

EPIGRAM.

Sij liegen 't die verklaeren.

They know full well the lying art,
Who say that Derrick has no heart:
In dangers, sir, of every kind
He feels it lives—it ne'er dissembles;
And at the smallest breath of wind,
E'en as the poplar's leaves, it trembles.

JEREMIAS DE DECKER.

BORN 1610—DIED 1666.

Geest en verstant, die twee eigentlijke punten, waerop des menschen bequaemheit bestaet, en welker een zonder den anderen te hebben, slechts een half gelukkigen uitmaekt, blinken alomme zoo heerlijk, en met zoo veele aenlokkende sieraden in zijne werken uit, dat geene jaren, noch bitze haet en nijt van ruekeloze onwetenheid, dezelve in kleinachtinge hebben konnen brengen, ofte in het toekomende omverrewerpen zullen, maer zoo lange de Nederduitsche Poëzij eenige achtbaerheit behout, om de kraght en eigenschap zijner ongemeene uitdrukkingen, de verwondering en goetkeuring van alle brave vernuften weghdragen zullen.

Van Nidek.

JEREMIAS DE DECKER.

JEREMIAS DE DECKER was born at Dordrecht in 1610. His poems are to this day justly esteemed by his countrymen for beauty of thought combined with elegance of expression, learning without pedantry, and harmonious versification free from feebleness and puerility. Feeling—intense and romantic feeling—is the peculiar characteristic of his writings, as it appears to have been of his heart; to whose virtues many of his contemporaries have paid tribute. He diligently studied both ancient and modern works, and it is said composed for his own use a Dutch grammar, in order that he might reflect before he wrote, and not sacrifice to inadvertency, metre and methodical propriety. His translations are striking and correct. The *Lof der Geldzucht* (Praise of Avarice), the most extended of his works, contains a treasure of learning and knowledge of the world: his *Goede Vrijdag of het Lijden van Jezus* (Good Friday, or the Sufferings of Jesus), is distinguished by its solemnity of conception, and by the lyric harmony of its execution. But it is in his Birth-day and Bridal Songs and Elegies that he most

excels. They affect by their very simplicity. In them there is not a line, a phrase, scarcely a word, that can be omitted or improved. His *Morgenstond* (Morning) and *Lente* (Spring) are characterized by the same excellencies.

He died in 1666.

THE TOO-EARLY-OPENING FLOWER.

Teer bloemeken, sie wat ghij doet.

Not yet, frail flower! thy charms unclose;
Too soon thou ventur'st forth again;
For April has its winter-rain,
And tempest-clouds, and nipping snows.
Too quickly thou uprear'st thy head;
The northern wind may reach thee still,
And injure—nay, for ever kill
Thy charming white and lovely red.
And thou perchance too late wilt sigh,
That at the first approach of spring
Thou mad'st thy bud unfold its wing,
And show its blush to every eye;
For March a faithless smile discloses.
If thou wouldst bloom securely here,
Let Phœbus first o'ertake the steer;
Thou'rt like the seaman, who reposes

On one fair day—one favouring wind,
Weighs anchor, and the future braves:
But sighs, when on the ocean waves,
For that calm port he leaves behind,
As with an anxious eye he sees
His shatter'd hull and shiver'd sail
Borne at the mercy of the gale
Wherever winds and waters please;
And deems, as he is sinking fast
The sands and brine and foam beneath,
That every wave contains a death,
That every plunge will be his last.
Thou'rt like the courtier, who, elate
When greeted first by favour's ray,
Begins to make a grand display:—
But, ah! it is a fickle state.
A court is like a garden-shade;
The courtiers and the flowers that rise
Too suddenly, 'neath changeful skies,
Oft sink into the dust and fade.
In short, we all are like thy flower,
And ever, both in weal and woe,
With strange perverseness, we bestow
Our thoughts on time's swift-fleeting hour.
And 'tis the same with those who pine,
And deem that grief will never flee,
And those who, bred in luxury,
Think the gay sun will always shine.

For every joy brings sorrow too,
And even grief may herald mirth;
And God has mingled life on earth
With bitterness and honey-dew.
Thus winter follows summer's bloom,
And verdant summer winter's blight;
Thus reign by turns the day and night;—
Change is the universal doom.
Then, floweret! when thy charms have fled,
All wither'd by a fate unkind,
Call wisdom's proverb to thy mind—
Soon green, soon gray—soon ripe, soon dead.

"PAUCISSIMA CUPIENS DEO PROXIMUS."

Het goud verguld de deugd, 't verciert des wyzen leven.

Gold may gild virtue and adorn the wise;
And who of sense and goodness makes his boast,
May towards the Eternal Fount of Kindness rise;—
But who wants least resembles God the most.

TO A BROTHER WHO DIED AT BATAVIA.

O zaligh ghij die ons verdriet.

Blessed! though misery-causing, thou!
Who seest not our domestic woe,
And hear'st not our funereal plaint;
But slumberest on thy bed of rest,
Stretch'd in the furthest orient,
With Java's sands upon thy breast!

Did I not tell thee, broken-hearted,
Thy doom—sad doom! when last we parted?
Did I not paint the dangers near?
Tell thee what misery would be mine,
To leave a father's solemn bier,
With tottering steps—to weep o'er thine?

Long absence brought thee to my sight,
In fiery flashes—lightning bright—
But that the thunder might not shock thee,
Death to his bosom gather'd thee;
And now no more the wild winds rock thee,
And rages now no more the sea.

When Fortune smiled, he neither bow'd
To luxury, nor waxed vain and proud;
He was too wise on childish toys
To fix a heart unstain'd by guile,

Or give to earthly griefs or joys
The useless tear, the idle smile.

Upright in all—of lips sincere;
Of open hand—disposed to cheer
The suppliant, and assist the poor;
Willing to lend—and pleased to pay;
And still subduing, more and more,
The natural frailties of our way.

A father, tutor'd to submit
To all that Heaven deem'd right and fit,
And with a tranquil spirit say,
While far above earth's changes rais'd,—
"The Lord has given—He takes away,
And be his name for ever prais'd."

His country's government he ever
Cheerfully served, but flattered never:
So fully bent in every thought
Upon his nation's interest, he
From every side instruction brought,
And knowledge, like the Athenian bee.

A father such as this—a friend
And brother—have I seen descend
Smitten by death: beneath him years
Hollow'd the tomb's descent; and slow

And silent down the vale of tears
He sank to where he sleeps below.

The mouth which words of mirth supplied,
At morning's dawn and eventide,
Truth gather'd from the immortal book,
Is still for ever: it shall slake
Its thirst no more in Eden's brook,
Nor Zion's sweet refreshment take.

But ah! we are driven by distress
From bitterness to bitterness;
For scarce had sorrow o'er thee strew'd
The dews of sympathy, ere pain
Brought all its busy multitude
Of griefs and woes to wound again:

And of our house (O fatal day!)
Bore chief and honour both away:
The wheel was stopp'd on which it turn'd,
And we, a desolate race, were left
Alone—and hopeless there we mourn'd
Him, whom remorseless death had reft.

A father! who in wisdom guided
The love that in his love confided:
A father! who, upon our heart,
And in our blood, Heaven's laws did write;

And taught us never to depart
From virtue's way—befall what might.

* * * * *

* * * * *

A father! temperate, wise and brave,
Who, when the whirlwind and the wave
Beat on his bark, could seize the helm,
And, spite of storm and stream, convey
To port—while billows overwhelm
A thousand ships that round him lay.

Those lips, alas! we loved so well,
Whence no ungentle accents fell—
No thoughts but virtue—have I seen
Parch'd with a black pestiferous hue,
And mark'd the dry and up-scorched skin
Just spotted with a feverish dew.

That tongue which oft with us hath poured
The song of joy—and oft adored—
That voice which taught us wisdom's word,
And Heaven's admonitory will—
In gently breathing tones I heard—
And gentler yet—and then 'twas still.

That bright and noble countenance,
Which gleam'd with truth in ev'ry glance,
And made us love it—'twas so fair
And so attractive—soon was wan—
And gloom and darkness nestled there:
'Twas pale and sunk and woe-begone.

I *saw* him sink—and day by day
I mark'd the progress of decay:
His old and venerable head
Dropp'd—and his smiles were dimm'd:—at last
The death-mist on his crown was spread,
And our sun's glory veil'd and past.

I saw his hands grow stiff and cold,
Long used our honour to uphold:
His limbs, that long had borne the weight
Of many a care, then tottering shook,
As on he moved with trembling gait,
And tow'rds the tomb his path-way took.

And then I saw his corpse convey'd
Down to death's lonely paths of shade,
Where gloom and dull oblivion reign.
Even now—even now—that scene I view—
How could I seek the light again—
How!—mourn I not my sorrows too?

How valueless is life to me!
It seems impossible *to be.*
To talk of life when those are gone
Who gave us life—is false and vain:
O yes! I have a heart of stone—
For he is gone, and I remain.

O! noble branch of Montpensier,
His name shall be to memory dear,
And in Fame's brightest archives stored;
For not alone his tears he gave,
But with his tears his being poured,
An offering on his father's grave.

Alas! alas! sad heart of mine,
Were such a glorious privilege thine,
It were indeed a blissful doom!—
No! not a father's cheek to see
Damp with the cold dews of the tomb,
And mingling with mortality.

But fain with him, in silence deep,
Shelter'd from all my woes I'd sleep,
Where, from life's sad and darksome cares,
Beneath the damp and gloomy ground,
My soul his bed of silence shares
With peace and solitude around.

So freed and far from misery's power,
And fears and hopes, the hastening hour
Glides now no more away in pain,
Nor weary nights in sleepless thought;
But ah! the lovely dream is vain—
My shaken heart deserves it not.

See, brother! thou didst leave thy home,
And woes like these, far off to roam;
Yet other woes pursued thee there;
And even across the Indian seas,
Sorrow and darkness and despair
Told their sad tales and miseries.

But thou hast 'scaped the worst—thy bed
From woe's loud storm hath screen'd thy head:
Thou shouldst have borne thy share, but now
Thou art above the reach of woe;
And I (a wretched being!) bow,
And cry as I was wont to do:

Blessed, though misery-causing—thou
Who seest not all our sorrows now,
And hear'st not our funereal plaint;
But slumberest on thy bed of rest,
Stretch'd in the furthest orient,
With Java's sands upon thy breast!

We conclude the notice of De Decker with a few Stanzas from his affecting Ode to his Mother:

Dat ghy vertoont in uw gelaet.

Oh! none will deem it a disgrace,
Or ever with reproaches sting thee,
That thy fair brow should bear the trace
Of all the inward griefs that wring thee:
Without the sun the pallid moon
Would lose her gayest lustre soon:
Then who, when wife and husband sever,
Would marvel that her eyes are dim,
Since he is her bright sun for ever,
And she a gentle moon to him!

The sun that cheer'd thy life has faded;
'Tis time for thee to mourn and sigh;
Thy light and splendour now are shaded,
In dust thy crown and honour lie:
And, ah! thy house, that flourish'd fair,
Seems visited by thy despair,
And mourns like some abode deserted,
Or headless trunk in mute decay,
A land whose ruler has departed,
A world, whose sun has pass'd away.

* * * *

'Tis meet that for a season thou
Shouldst pour the tribute of thy sorrow;
But endless tears, a cheerless brow,
And woes that hope no joyous morrow,
Are trifling—vain—though sprung from love—
And sinful to thy God above.
And if my father's spirit, reigning
Beyond the earth, can see our grief,
Thy never-ceasing, lone complaining
Will bring him misery—not relief.

Too deep for tears—the pangs we feel—
For he is gone beyond recalling:
But, hark! what murmur'd accents steal,
What voice upon my ear is falling,
And through my mournful spirit flies,
As if it came from yonder skies?
Oh! can it be my father speaking,
In pity to thy widow'd lot,
To soothe the heart that now is breaking?
It is!—it is!—dost hear it not?

I feel his accents from above,
Through heart and soul and senses creeping;
"My wife!" he cries, "my sorrowing love!—
Oh! why give way to endless weeping,

And to despair in weakness bow!
Oh! blam'st thou Heaven, because it now
Has open'd Eden's glorious portal;
Think'st thou that death could pardon me?
Ah! no; all—all on earth is mortal,
And fades into eternity.

* * * *

I lie in safety and at rest,
And nought that I behold displeases;
I hear no accents that molest,
E'en when the North with tempest-breezes
Sweeps in its fury o'er the deep,
And wakes the ocean from its sleep;
Or when the thunder-cloud is scowling,
Or lightning rages from the west,
I fear not for the tempest's howling,
But lie in safety and at rest.

The journey of my life is o'er,
From earthly chains has Heav'n unbound me,
And punishment and shame no more
Can cast their torturing influence round me.
And dost thou, dearest! weep for me,
And dost thou mourn that I should be
No more on earth? And art thou sighing
That I in peace have left a life
Which is but one long scene of dying,
Anxiety, and worrying strife?

* * * *

Whilst here that brighten'd visage glows,
From which, whene'er my eyes retrace it,
A stream of joy and luxury flows
Too vast for language to embrace it.
Here I approach with forehead bright,
The majesty of endless light;
Light—whose eternal beam is dwelling
Where mortal eye can see no way;
Light—the gay sun as much excelling,
As he excels morn's faintest ray.

* * * *

Ye men! who wear delusion's chain,
What madness hath your judgments riven?
Could you a transient glance obtain
Of all we see and feel in heaven,
All earth's delights would seem but care—
Its glory mist—its bliss despair;
Its splendours slavish melancholy;
Its princely mansions loathsome sties;
Its greatest wisdom merest folly;
And all its riches vanities!

Then, dearest, be the pomp and state
Of earth's vain world for ever slighted,
And ask of God that still our fate
May be above again united.

We'll join the bridal scene once more—
A bridal not like ours of yore
Earthly and weak, nor long remaining;
But heavenly, firm, and without end.—
Be comforted, and cease complaining,
And deem all good that God may send."

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

Het weten is wel schoon, maar doen gaet boven weten.

To know is good, I own—to do is better still:
Him who knows much and well—call learned if you will;
But there are seasons oft when he shall win the prize,
And wear it proudly too—whose deeds, not words, are wise.

"IN UTRAQUE FORTUNA PROBUS."

't Zy dat ons 't los Geluk nu medeloop, nu tegen.

We are upon life's tide—now fair, now foul—the sea
Now flows—now ebbs. Ebbing and flowing, each
May food for virtues give, and wisdom's lesson teach:
Patience in grief—in joy, sobriety.

DANIEL JONCKTIJS.

BORN ——— DIED 1654.

Op hem sloeg liefdeboeijensmeder
Een vonk, door eenen klap der veder
Van zijn gevaarlijk toortslicht neer.

FORTMAN.

DANIEL JONCKTIJS.

DANIEL JONCKTIJS was born at Dordrecht at the commencement of the 17th century. As an amatory writer he is thought highly of by his countrymen, though he is encumbered with quaint conceits. He practised physic, and died at Rotterdam in 1654.

THE ROSE AND ROSALINE.

Wanneer mijn purper bloosje bleijckt.

THE ROSE.

WHENE'ER my purple blushes die,
My stalk to earth turns droopingly,
My tender bud, by slow degrees,
Unfolds its leaves to summer's breeze,
Till nipping wind, or burning sun,
Bids it decay, as I had done :—
Yet let the spring chase winter's gloom,
And I am still in youth and bloom.
But, Rosaline, whene'er thy spring
Has o'er thee ceas'd its bloom to fling,
All hope is gone—a winter drear
And winter's killing frost are near :

The radiance of thine eye, that darts
Through other eyes to other hearts;
Thy coral-lip, like damask rose,
The lustre of thy cheek, that glows,
Once gone, nor summer-sun nor rain
Can bring their beauty back again.

ROSALINE.

When once thy leaves are dry and pale,
O what shall vernal dews avail?
When once thy stalk is snapp'd—in vain
We seek the smiling flower again.
Although another wakening spring
A gem as beautiful may bring,
Yet who shall say, when call'd to die—
When brightness leaves my closing eye;
Oh! who shall say—the earth will see
Another maiden like to me?

THE ROSE.

If hurrying time can ne'er restore
Youth's fleeting gifts when youth is o'er;
If every day their brightness flies—
Oh! why Heaven's better gifts despise?
Let not their holier lustre fade—
Be they enjoy'd—thou gentle maid!
For who shall gaze on eyes like thine,
When thou and those bright eyes decline?

JAN VOS.

BORN 1620—DIED 1662.

Die in stilheidt leidt zijn leven,
Met een eerlijk kleedt bedekt;
Meer vergeten, dan verheven,
Door geen quaden lust gedreven,
Niet benijdt, noch niet begekt;—

* * * * *

Die, met zijn beroep te vreden,
Kan betomen zijnen wensch,
Die zijn tochten heeft besneden
Niet naer lusten, maer naer reden,
Die is een gelukkig mensch.

P. DE GROOT.

JAN VOS.

JAN Vos was born at Amsterdam about the year 1620. His birth seems to have been obscure, and his education necessarily limited. Had it been properly cultivated, there is little doubt that he would have disputed the palm with the best writers of his time. He was a labouring glass-maker. His Epigrams *(Puntdichten)* are pointed; and generally his poetry is shrewd and vigorous. His Dramatic pieces overflow with excess of passion. He died in 1662.

LAURA.

TO HER ARTIST.

Maal Laura met een speer, zij zal Minerf gelijken.

ARM Laura with a spear—Minerva she shall be—
If bending o'er a bow—the goddess of the chase—
Give her a golden staff—a Juno thou shalt see—
An apple let her seize—and Venus thou canst trace.

Yet, hold! my Laura needs from goddesses no arms,
Whom we to *her* compare are greater than before.
Yes! they who all subdue are conquer'd by her charms;
But place her in the fields, and nature asks no more.
From clouds the sun-light ne'er obtains its dazzling blaze—
What in itself is fair requires no borrow'd rays.

EPIGRAM

ON A HUMP-BACKED POET.

Flip roemt zich meester van de Dichters in het sticht.

He calls himself the prince of bards, and swears
He'll pull Parnassus down about the ears
Of doubters—let them all beware, or rue it;
He bears Parnassus on his back to do it.

EPIGRAM.

JAN KRULL.

ON A HUMP-BACKED POET.

BORN 1602—DIED 1644.

Ook rast gij niet als menig zanger
Die zijn voldragen chaos langer
Niet houden kan, maar barst, indien hij zwijgen moet,
Gij spreekt bedaard en toch met dichterlijken gloed.

Loots.

Overal vindt men bewijzen van eenen wel niet hoog, maar zacht en liefelijk gestemden geest.

Jeronimo de Vries.

JAN KRULL.

JAN KRULL followed, in all his poetical writings, the style of CATS. His *Pampiere Wereld* (in 4 vols.) contains a variety of productions—pastoral, allegorical, and didactic. He belonged to the lowest ranks of society, and was originally a labouring blacksmith. He wrote with ease, and his verses are smooth and flowing. Of his history little is known.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A STATUE REPRESENTING CUPID WITH A FLAMING TORCH REVERSED.

Het bovenst staet omlaegh, het laeghts comt op gesprongen.

THE flaming torch to earth's cold breast the child of Venus turns,
Which when he most essays to quench it most intensely burns.

'Tis ever thus with those who seek to change love's
soaring course,—
The greater the constraint they use, the greater is its
force:
So 'tis throughout the world, where love is most op-
press'd and bound,
E'en there its mightiest influence, its greatest strength
is found.

't Is met het wereldsch zoo gesteld.

All worldly things to change must yield,
As the sweet floweret of the field:
To-day it lifts its starry head,
To-morrow strews the meadow—dead:
To-day it stands in light and pride,
But droops in dust ere morrow's tide,
And is before another day
In storms and darkness swept away.

JACOB WESTERBAEN.

BORN 1599—DIED 1670.

Ick vorder eijgentlijck een leven,
Sodanich als't geleerde blad
Des wijzen WESTERBAEN het vat,
In alle wetenschap bedreven,

P. DE GROOT.

JACOB WESTERBAEN.

JACOB WESTERBAEN, born in 1599, was a knight, and Lord of Brantwijck, Gijblant, &c.; yet, although of exalted rank and renowned for his learning, he chose rather to pass his days in quiet and retirement, than sacrifice to the wishes of the great his religious and political feelings. He practised medicine in the early part of his life. He was a disciple of Episcopius, and remained true to the doctrines of his master. He enjoyed the friendship of CATS, VAN BAERLE, HUIJGENS, DE DECKER and BRANDT, and was the strenuous defender of OLDEN BARNEVELDT, DE GROOT, and other great but unfortunate statesmen. His works are contained in three volumes, of which the moral and humorous epigrams have obtained considerable renown. He died about the year 1670 at his country seat, Ockenburg, which he has made the subject of one of his poems (see p. 13).

Denket niet dat den lieven geur.

THINK not that the dear perfume
And the bloom

Of those cheeks, divinely glowing,
Ever shall remain to thee
While there be
None for whom those flowers are blowing.

By the eglantine be taught
How 'tis sought
For its bloom and fragrance only:
Is not all its beauty past
When at last
On the stem 'tis hanging lonely?

Maidens are like garden bowers [1]
Fill'd with flowers,
Which are spring-time's choicest treasure;
While the budding leaves they bear
Flourish there,
They will be a source of pleasure.

---

[1] In this and the subsequent verse, the author appears to have had Catullus's *Carmen Nuptiale* in his mind, although he has, in a delicate and masterly manner, varied the idea:—

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ:
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavêre puellæ:
Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis."

But whene'er the lovely spring
Spreads her wing,
And the rose's charms have fleeted;
Nor those lately-valued flowers,
Nor the bowers,
Shall with former praise be greeted.

While Love's beam in woman's eyes
Fondly lies,
All the heart's best feelings telling,
Love will come, (a welcome guest!)
And her breast
Be his own ecstatic dwelling.

But when envious Time takes arms
'Gainst her charms,
All her youthful graces spurning,
Love, who courted beauty's ray,
Steals away,
Never thinking of returning.

Maidens! who man's suit deride,
And whose pride
Scorns the hearts that bow before ye,
From my song this lesson learn:
Be not stern
To the Lovers who adore ye.

Gelijk een roosje teer.

E'EN as a tender rose,
To which the Spring gives birth,
Falls when the north wind blows,
And withers on the earth:
So, when her eye-light throws its glances brightly through me,
I sink o'erwhelm'd and gloomy.

E'en as the herb by day
Its green leaf downwards turns,
What time the sun's fierce ray
Upon it fiercely burns;
So 'neath the quenchless fire, that from her eyes is shining,
I feel myself declining.

My courage is subdued
By sorrow's mighty thrill,
And so in solitude
I linger sadly still;
While her sweet witcheries cast their magic influence round me,
And in their chains have bound me.

Rijck wil noch rijcker zijn.

WEALTH would be wealthier still, and aye to gold aspires.
Wealth! wouldst thou wealthier be: *diminish thy desires.*

REINIER ANSLO.

BORN 1622—DIED 1669.

Het schijnt dat veel haer landt, waerin zij zijn geboren,
En hare moedertael niet gaerne sien noch hooren.

Een man in zijnen tijd algemeen beroemd, en door Vondel geprezen om zijne sierlijke netheid.

Jeronimo de Vries.

REINIER ANSLO.

ANSLO's birth place was Amsterdam. He travelled to Italy in 1649, where he adopted the Catholic religion, which he professed to the day of his death. His *Plague of Naples* is a production of singular vigour, and crowded with all the frightful imagery of its awful subject. He died at Perugia.

Waar zullen wij ons nu verschuilen.

WHERE shall we hide us—he pursuing?
What darksome cave, what gloomy ruin?
It matters not—distress and fear
Are every where.

Who now can shield us from the fury
That seems upon our steps to hurry?
Our brow exudes a frozen sweat
On hearing it.

List to that scream! that broken crying!
Could not the death-gasp hush that sighing?
Are these the fruits of promis'd peace?
O wretchedness!

Even as a careless shepherd sleeping,
Forgetful of the flocks he 's keeping,
Is smitten by the lightning's breath,—
The bolt of death:

E'en as the growing mountain-current
Pours down the vales its giant torrent,
And sweeps the thoughtless flocks away
That slumbering lay:

So were we roused—so woe descended
Before the bridal feast was ended,
And sleep hung heavy—followed there
By blank despair.

Helaas! wat is de heerschappij.

Alas! and what is majesty
But care? what care but slavery?
And slavery's chain—what free-born spirit
Will bend its humbled neck to wear it?

Kings deem, poor fools! the royal sun
Envies the brightness of their throne,
And, as he rolls, has glory borrowed
From their far more resplendent forehead.

They know not that in caverns dark
Decaying wood emits a spark;
Nor see that eyes and hearts benighted
Are dazzled and deceived—not lighted.

JAN DE BRUNE.

BORN 1585—DIED 1658.

Zoo vliegt een Bij om honig uit
Op Hybla, rijk van geur en kruid.

Poot.

JAN DE BRUNE.

JAN DE BRUNE, otherwise called JOHANNES JUNIANUS BRUNÆUS. He filled several public situations, and at last reached the highest, being made a state-pensioner of Zealand. A small collection of his poems was published at Amsterdam, in 1639, under the title of *Veirzjes* (Minor Poems), which were lauded by VOSSIUS and P. GROTIUS.

'k Lag zieltogend uijtgestreckt.

I LAY in gasping agonies,
And my eyes
Were covered by a cloud of death;
It seemed as if my spirit hung
On my tongue,
About to vanish with my breath;

When Laura, smiling fondness, came,
And, with shame,
Offered her delightful lip,
Her sweet lip, to which the bee
Well might flee,
Fragrant honey there to sip.

Enraptur'd with the sudden bliss
Which her kiss
Gave my heart, when bowed by pain,
Instantly I felt a light,
Pure and bright,
Kindle new existence then.

Oh! may heaven grant once more that I
Thus may lie!
The pangs of death I'd undergo,
If lips as blooming and as dear
Were but near,
To cure me with their honey so.

GERARD BRANDT.

BORN 1626—DIED 1685.

Dees heeft natuur te baat,
Het zij hij schrijft op maat, of zonder maat.

ANSLO.

GERARD BRANDT.

GERARD BRANDT, born at Amsterdam in 1626, was intended to pursue the business of his father, who was a watchmaker; but the love of song had taken possession of his mind, and caused him, in his 17th year, to turn his thoughts to that difficult but in those days much-esteemed branch of literature—the Tragic Drama. A piece entitled *The Dissembling Torquatus* (the scene of which is laid at Rome, without, however, any other adherence to history, or even to the original names [1],) was pronounced by VAN BAERLE to be a work of no ordinary power, and one which would have reflected much honour on the writer, even though it

[1] Van Kampen observes—"There is in this piece a remarkable resemblance to *Hamlet*: Shakspeare has drawn from an old northern tradition preserved by Saxo Grammaticus: Brandt's idea seems to be entirely original. Torquatus is at Athens (just as Hamlet at Wittenberg) pursuing his studies, while his father (Manlius) is murdered at Rome by his own brother (Noron), who espouses the widow (Plaucina.) Who does not here immediately recognise Claudius, Gertrude, and

had been composed at a more mature age. We must not, however, disguise that VAN BAERLE took an uncommon interest in him, and after some time gave

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the murdered king, of Shakspeare? Torquatus says, too, at the commencement:

‘ O Hemel zaegt gij ooit rampsaeliger dan mij?
Trouwloose, onsaelige oom, verrader! hoe dorst gij
Mijn strijdb're vader te vermoorden, en mijn' moeder
Misbruiken tot uw boel?’

Hast thou, O Heaven! e'er seen a wretch like me?
Perfidious, joyless uncle, traitorous slave!
How daredst thou thus my warlike father slay,
And stain my mother's fame?

“ Yet again. The ghost of Manlius appears to his son, and incites him to avenge his death. Torquatus feigns madness, like Hamlet. The object of his affections (Juliana) is also introduced. But the most striking point of resemblance is in the scene where the heroes of both tragedies reproach their guilty mothers.

“ ‘ *Noron, being sore afraid of his nephew, cunningly introduces his wife (Plaucina) in a chamber where Torquatus is, after having concealed one of his counsellors under a couch for the purpose of hearing whether he would openly avow his suspicions to his mother. Torquatus, aware of this, suddenly dispatches him, and reproaches his mother for her immodesty, who, having vindicated herself, promises to be faithful.*’—Contents of the Piece.

“ Here is in fact a repetition of the scene where Polonius, behind the arras, falls by Hamlet's sword, and the queen suffers

him his daughter Susannah in marriage; BRANDT having for her sake abandoned his trade, and made

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the taunts and upbraidings of her son. Parts of the language have a striking coincidence:

TORQUATUS.

'Naek mij niet met de mondt die d' overspeelder kust,
Sla d' oogen neêr van schaemt, die de vervloekte lust
Van Noron prikkelden.
Wellustige Vorstin! ga, streel uw dwingelant.'

Approach me not with thine adulterous lips;
For very shame bend down the eyes that fired
The accursed Noron's lust.
Lascivious queen!
Go—go—caress thy tyrant.

HAMLET.

'O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious heat,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax.
Do not look on me.'

PLAUCINA.

'Eij swijg, o Hemel! ach, wat moet ik hier al hooren?
'K schrik voor mijn schaduw self.'

For heaven's sake cease! Ah! what must I not hear?
I start at mine own shadow.

GERTRUDE.

'O Hamlet! speak no more,
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.'

"The catastrophe is certainly quite different. Torquatus triumphs by means of Juliana; who, however, being dishonoured

himself competent, by four years of study, to give lessons in Theology. He afterwards became minister of the Remonstrants at Nieuwkoop, Hoorn, and Amsterdam. He was greatly privileged in his children, several of whom obtained a considerable literary reputation.

TO SUSANNAH VAN BAERLE,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Wacht niet dat ik hier uw handen.

THINK not I shall deck thy hands
With a silken ribband gay
On thy happy natal day;
For I know thou hat'st the bands,

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by Noron, like Lucretia destroys herself. The disastrous end of Hamlet is well known. Still the resemblance is sufficiently forcible to justify the question, Whether Brandt was acquainted with Shakspeare, and consequently whether the knowledge of English literature about the middle of the 17th century was more universal than is generally supposed? We (adds Van Kampen) believe this not to have been the case, at least not when Brandt wrote this tragedy. We might more easily imagine this of Huijgens, although even he, who understood and translated some English poets of mediocrity, does not once mention the incomparable poet of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*."

Yes, the show of slavery.
Nor expect a wreath from me;
For the colours on thy cheek,
And thy breath of fragrance (ne'er
Flowers gave forth a breath so fair)
Of themselves thy wreath can make.
But the pure, the virtuous truth
Of thine undissembling youth,
Even far better garlands owns.
Virtues are the noblest crowns.

MICHAEL DE RUITER.

Ob cives servatos.

Aanschouw den Helt! der staten rechterhant!

Behold the hero! he whose mighty hand
From bondage sav'd his sinking fatherland;
And made two powerful kingdoms in one year
Thrice strike their flags and leave the ocean clear:
His God's vicegerent on the boundless sea,
And harbinger of peace and liberty.

EPITAPH ON JACOB TAURINUS.

Had Kerk en Staat haar strijt, de Waarheid vond ook helden.

Had Church and State their strife, Truth had its champions too,
And he was one. To him a thousand wreaths are due.
But hate was sure too mild. What deeds had Tauryn done—
Freedom of thought proclaim'd—his country's freedom won;
His post unswerving fill'd—his Christian faith maintain'd;
From him all weakness fled—with him all justice reign'd;
They call'd him heretic—they drove him from his land,
But God looks on and holds the balance in his hand.

EPITAPH ON KORTENAAR.

De held der Maas, verminkt aan oog en regterhand,

The hero of the Maese, with shatter'd eye and hand,
Directs the rudder still and saves his fatherland;
Him, Kortenaar the great—dread of his country's foes—
The opener of the Sound—these funeral stones enclose.

FERNANDO ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO,

DUKE OF ALVA.

Maal Alva, Neêrlandts roê, met verf van gal en bloet.

PAINT Alva, Holland's scourge, in gall and gore—
Hard-hearted—bitter—to portray him more
Bring in the hundreds he to scaffolds sent;—
The thousands driven to death or banishment!

HUGO DE GROOT.

O Delf, benij geen' Maas den grooten Rotterdammer.

DELF![1] envy not the Maese—let her Erasmus claim:
De Groot is great as he—his glorious end and aim
Were Holland's happiness; but Discord would not heed,
And unity was lost in difference of creed.
Could Holland's provinces have shared his noble mind,
United Netherland had still remain'd combin'd.

[1] Delft was the birth-place of Grotius.

LAMORAAL,

EARL OF EGMONT.

Dit 's Egmont, dien de nijdt van Alva holp van kant.

Here Egmont lies! who fell through Alva's hate—
The shield of Netherland—the brave—the great!
Who made proud France twice bow the trembling knee,
While at his fall fell right and liberty.

THOMAS ARENTS.

— toontjens die op donzen vlerkjens zweven.

BILDERDIJK.

THOMAS ARENTS.

THOMAS ARENTS wrote in an easy and flowing style, and would without doubt have attained great eminence as an amatory poet, had his talents not been confined, and his genius shackled, by the strict and unnatural rules of a Society* called *Nil volentibus arduum*, of which he was a member. He attempted to defend it against the attacks of ANTONIDES and JOAN PLUIJMER, who were justly incensed at the restrictions to which poetry, especially the poetry of the drama, became subjected; and considered the Society in the light of a literary inquisition.

Als ik mijn Laura kusschen magh.

I 'd envy not the Gods' delight,
If I might kiss my Laura dearest;
Her eye to me is far more bright
Than sun or moon when shining clearest.

* Founded by ANDRIES PELS, a poet of this period.

Let Phœbus with Aurora toy
When morning's blush on earth reposes;
For me 'twill be diviner joy
To kiss my Laura's cheek of roses.

To Jove I leave his Juno's charms;
Let Bacchus still remain with Flora;
Let Mars exult in war and arms,
I'd rather be with thee, my Laura.

JOANNES ANTONIDES VAN DER GOES.

BORN 1647—DIED 1684.

Zo is de Geest, zo eêl, zo groot,
Antonides, de Prins der dichtren, doot!
Dat helder licht van Neêrlant uitgeschenen;
En als een rook, uit ons gezicht verdwenen!
O neen, ik mis. Hij rijst ter grafzerke uit,
En leeft op nieuws, gelijk een groene spruit,
Of Fenix, uit zijn eigen asch geboren,
En laat zich weêr, gelijk voorhenen, horen.
Dar zie ik hem ——

FRANCIUS.

JOANNES ANTONIDES VAN DER GOES.

JOANNES ANTONIDES VAN DER GOES may be considered among the very first writers of his country. His *Bellone aan band* (Bellona bound), and his Tragedy, *Trazil of overrompelt Sina*, a Chinese Drama, brought him at an early age into notice and esteem. There is sometimes a careless looseness in his writings; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, as he was only nineteen when his first productions obtained for him the eloquent applauses of the most distinguished men of his day. The venerable VONDEL called him his son, and said that he should have been proud to have produced the *Bellone aan band*. Thus encouraged, he produced his admirable poem *Ystroom* (River Y), which VONDEL, HUIJGENS, FRANCIUS, VOLLENHOVE, and many others, honoured with the highest eulogies. Though sometimes his luxuriant fancy becomes exaggerated and extravagant, yet this poem has many nervous and pictorial beauties, striking Episodes, and a peculiar harmony and richness of language through-

out. He obtained at Utrecht the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and practised with success, but did not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his industry, as he died at the age of 37 years. His poems possess the boldness and energy of VONDEL, but less care and precision—faults which a maturer age would most probably have taught him to correct. With him the national Drama of Holland was extinguished, and the French stage, introduced by Catherine Lescaille and Andries Pels, obtained permanent influence.

ANTONIDES was born at Der Goes in 1647, and died in 1684.

OVERTHROW OF THE TURKS

BY VICE-ADMIRAL WILLEM JOSEPH.

Nec flammas superant undæ.

Algiers, het bloedig roofschavot.

ALGIERS, that on the midland sea
Rules o'er her bloody pirate-horde,
Sees now her crown in jeopardy,
And drops her cruel robber sword.

The coast of Barbary terrified,
Trembles beneath the conquerors' sway;
Our heroes on her waters ride,
While the fierce bandits in dismay,
And mad with plunder and with ire,
Are smother'd in a sea of fire.

Thrice had the sun from th' orient verge
Into his golden chariot sprung;
From the rain-clouds his rays emerge,
With brightest glory round him flung:
The northern winds are rous'd—the Turk
Is borne along;—in vain he tries,
While terrors in his bosom lurk,
To 'scape our glance:—in vain he flies.
He may not fly—for he is bound
In his pursuers' toils around.

Ye rapine vultures of the sea,
Haste, haste before the storm and stream;
Stretch out your pinions now, and be
The fearful flying flock ye seem.
No! ye shall not escape—for we
Have hemm'd you in on every side;
Your crescent now looks mournfully,
And fain her paling horns would hide.
But no! but no! ye shall be driven
From earth and ocean as from heaven.

No! terror shakes the Afric strand,
The Moor perceives his glory wane;
The madman glares with fiery brand,
As glares the heaven above the main;
The cannons rattle to the wind,
Black noisome vapours from the waves
The bright-eyed sun with darkness blind;
And echo shouts from Nereus' caves,
As if, with rage and strength immortal,
Salmoneus shook hell's brazen portal.

How should they stand against the free—
The free—the brave—whom Ocean's pride
Hath lov'd to crown with victory,
Yet victory never satisfied?
The Amstel's thunders roar around,
While the barbarians clamour'd loud,
And, scatter'd on their native ground,
The base retire before the proud;
While their sea-standards, riven and torn,
Are but the noisy tempest's scorn.

There twice three ships submit them—led
By their commander—Ocean 's freed
From its old tyrants—and in dread,
On the wide waters when they bleed,

From that inhospitable shore
Upon the mingled flame and smoke
Looks the heart-agitated Moor,
Whose power is lost, and riven his yoke!
He stamps and curses as he sees
How his fear-stricken brother flees.

O, ye have earn'd a noble meed,
Brave Christian heroes!—the reward
Of virtue;—Gratitude shall speed
Your future course; ye have unbarr'd
The prison doors of many a slave,
Whom heathen power had bound—and these
In memory's shrines your names shall have,
And this shall be your stainless praise—
Leaving sweet thoughts—as seamen ride
From land to land o'er favouring tide.

TO MATILDA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

Wat schreitge beijde uwe oogen uit.

Say, why should grief bedim thine eyes,
And fill thy breast with torturing sighs?
Why o'er thy cheeks, in beauty glowing,
The silvery dew of tears is flowing?

Matilda, in thy youthful bloom,
With passions bound by reason's chain,
Why dost thou mourn thy sister's doom
And wish her soul on earth again?
Her sorrows and her tears are o'er—
She hears thy bursting sighs no more.

But when her form decay'd, and went
To seek its native element,
And be the dust that it had been,
Thy pity cheer'd Death's gloomy scene:
Fair Barbara, thy bosom's dove,
Beheld, with eyes that smil'd in dying,
The tokens of thy stainless love;
For thou, in heart and spirit sighing,
Didst share a sister's dying pain,
Nor breathed one tone of sorrow vain.

From earthly dust for ever freed
She sits in heaven, (while blest indeed
The cherubs come around in crowds,)
And presses with her feet the clouds.
Now seems to her the world beneath
A little speck or bounded prison,
And from this brief and transient death
E'en as a Phœnix she has risen,
To dwell within the azure sky,
And revel there eternally.

Ah! there, where changeless joys abound,
Our home, our real home, is found.
But here we 're toss'd with hurried motion
Upon the world's tempestuous ocean;
Now borne by tide or ebb along,
Now buried in the hissing foam,
We see the waves around us throng
Without a haven or a home.
Think of her bliss, remov'd to be
From peril to security!

Be all that thou hast been—recall
Thy energies of mind from thrall,
Those energies that so adorn thee,
And far above thy sex have borne thee,
And made thee noblest of thy kind:
Be patient, maid! and seek to gather,
Whilst sorrow's weight is on thy mind,
True wisdom from thy God and Father;
And think, in misery's hour, that she
Has but prepar'd the way for thee.

EPITAPH

ON A DOUBTING PHILOSOPHER.

Tree zagtjes, wandelaar, neen, tree vrijmoedig aen.

TREAD gently, traveller; but no—no—
You need not care a whit about it,
Though he should hear you come or go,
I 'll lay my very life he'll doubt it.

EPITAPH

ON THE NAVAL WARRIOR JAN VAN AEMSTEL.

De grafworm maerle vrij het koud gebeent tot stof.

THOUGH the vile grave-worm waste to nought
The bones that withering lie:
His virtues live, and fill the world
With praise that cannot die.

EPITAPH

ON CORNELIS VAN ALDEWERELD.

Vertrouw op jeugd noch frisse leên.

OH! place in youth and strength no trust,
He both could boast who here is laid;
Yet they have pass'd, and he is—dust:
The loveliest flow'rets soonest fade.

JAN VAN BROEKHUIZEN.

BORN 1649—DIED 1707.

Geen edel hart versmaadt de gouden minneboeijen.

POOT.

Die nimmer vlamt op ijdlen lof,
En zijne lusten met zijn' hof
Bepaelt, en indrinckt met zijne ooren
Den vogelzang.

VONDEL.

JAN VAN BROEKHUIZEN.

This author is better known by his latinized name Broekhusius. His philological writings and edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius have considerable merit. The renowned Adrian Junius was his classical instructor. He practised medicine when young, which he abandoned for a military life, and died in retirement at the beginning of the last century.

Als ik uw blozend mondje druk.

Whene'er thy mouth is prest to mine,
And when my heart upon thy breast reposes,
Whene'er I pluck the fragrant roses
That hang in fondness round those lips of thine,
It brings, dear girl, no grief to me,
To think I gave up liberty for thee.
Then, then, my soul floats on a stream of blisses,
Till it has won
The gentle kisses
That it lives upon.

But when on those bright orbs I gaze,
Those orbs whose lustre o'er my spirit glances
And blissfully my heart entrances
With the divine effulgence of their rays;
Then mourn my lips, then mourn my eyes,
And each complains o' the other's luxuries.
My lips are envious of the eye's sweet pleasure,
And the eye would sip
Ambrosial treasure
Like the luscious lip.

Then think, Clorinda, what distress,
What grief my tender heart would visit,
If e'er another should solicit
The charms which I alone would fain possess!
Whene'er we sport in dalliance sweet,
My eyes will scarce allow our lips to meet.
My lips are angry when the eye in glory
Looks from its throne,
And tells a story
Sweeter than their own.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Gedachten vruchteloos van welgemeende min.

Fruitless remembrances of well-intended love,
That lured my guileless heart and stole its joys away;
Ah! wring my soul no more:—despair is now above
The reach of thy base arts, thy false and fickle sway.

Ah! wring my sou no more:—but wouldst thou give me rest,
And soothe my every pang, that power within thee lies.
Then chase, I prithee chase the sighs that swell my breast,
The murmurs on my lips, the tears within my eyes.

ave I then been by thee in every hope betray'd?
Must I from peace and joy for ever, ever part?
nd am I doom'd to find my dearest visions fade,
And had I but thy vows—another thy false heart?

Alas! it is too true; farewell to peace and rest!
Farewell, ye glowing charms, whose lustre still I prize!
For you, for you I die, with sighs in my fond breast,
And murmurs on my lips, and tears within my eyes.

Ik zugt, ik klaag, ik ween.

I SIGH, lament and moan,
Whene'er I am alone;
And oh, my eyes in bitterness complain,
Which dared to gaze on her who caus'd my pain.
At day-break, and when night draws nigh,
Clorinda still dwells in my memory.
Yes! there the lovely image is enshrin'd,
Whose power I feel for ever in my mind.

My dreams are never free
From this sad slavery:
All other thoughts love in oblivion drowns;
My heart throbs fluttering, fearful of her frowns;
Her eye of light, her lip of rose,
Her dulcet voice, her cheeks, where beauty glows,
Are snares which lure the bosom that relies,
And wound the soul that trusts them through the eyes.

Then go, my eyes, and crave
Some pity for her slave:
But let your mission unobtrusive be,
Your language temper'd with humility.
She will not scorn the heart that brings
Its love to her, and round her mercy clings.
But if she do not listen to your pray'r,
Despise her heart—self-love alone is there.

SONNET.

In over Rijnse lugt bij daken onbekent.

Beyond the Rhine, in solitudes and snows,
Through every starless night and cheerless day
I muse, and waste myself in thought away;
And breathe my sighs to where the Amstel flows.
My spring of life is hastening to its close,
The sun of youth emits its latest ray,
While grief asserts its most ungentle sway.
And toils I bear, but toils without repose.
But, oh! my past enjoyment, life and light!
How soon would sorrow take its hurried flight,
And every thought that pains my breast depart,
If thou wert present when my spirits pine;
For thou wouldst bring with those sweet eyes of thine,
A summer in the land—a heaven within my heart.

De morgenstondt, gehult met straalen.

The morning hour, its brightness spreading,
In more than common lustre rose;
And o'er day's portals sparkling snows
And corals, gems of gold was shedding.

The moon grew paler—paler yet,
And night, her gloomy face averting,
Roll'd slowly up her misty curtain,
And star by star in twilight set.

Closed are the thousand eyes of heaven,
And light shines brighter forth from one;
And lo! the bee comes forth alone,
To rob the rose and thyme till even.

The lordly lion wakes the wood
With mighty roar—his eye-ball flashes;
He shakes his mane, his tail he lashes;
His loud voice breaks the solitude.

Away, thou monarch, brave, unshaken;
Endymion, when he hears thy cries,
Far from the woods in terror flies,
And leaves his old abode forsaken.

He finds his mistress on the mead,
Who, where the shady boughs are twining,
Upon the green sward is reclining,
And counts the flocks that round her feed.

How gaily comes that maiden straying,
Before the sheep, that fawn and play;
All light and smiles, like dawning day,
When o'er the ocean's bosom playing.

The lambkin, youthful as the grass,
As white as snow, as soft as roses,
Now at her tarrying feet reposes,
And now beside her loves to pass.

The feather'd choir, with songs of pleasure,
Salute the sun, whose glowing ray
Is shining on their plumage gay,
And glads their thousand-chorus measure.

What art can equal the sweet notes
Of their wild lays in grief and sadness?
What hand can wake such tones of gladness
As flow from their untutored throats?

The peasant, with the dawn beginning,
Now yokes the oxen to the ploughs,
And peasant-girls, with laughing brows,
Sing gay and cheerily while spinning.

A varied sound, and fitful light,
On dreams and silence are encroaching;
The sun in glory is approaching
To wake to day the slumbering night.

The lover, who with passion smarted,
And sigh'd his soul at Chloris' feet,
Starts when he finds the night's deceit,
And Chloris with his dream departed.

The busy smith, with naked arms,
Whom sparks and blasts and flames environ,
Beats sturdily the glowing iron,
Which the loud-hissing water warms.

Come, let us rise and wander, dear one,
Our taper's flame is faint and dead,
The morning ray is on our bed;
Come, let us rise and wander, fair one!

Come, rouse, beloved! let us rove
Where 'neath our welcom'd steps are growing
Roses and lilies, fair and glowing
As those upon thy cheeks, my love!

THE END.

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